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Lady Chatterley Challenged

WHETHER the unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is to be on sale in this country is likely to be soon decided by the Courts. Penguin Books have postponed general sales of the book – thus preventing any legal risk to booksellers – but technically it has been published and the police may decide to prosecute. If they do, the case will be the first of its kind since the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, by which a book may be published because it is 'for the public good' although it might otherwise be pronounced obscene. The new Act says that it can be published if it is shown that it is 'in the interests of science, art, literature, or any other matter of general concern'.

Lady Chatterley offers the perfect test case. Under the new law, the evidence of experts on literary and other merit is for the first time recognised as relevant and made admissible. Until last year it was always rejected ('it is a matter for you, members of the jury, not for any hastily-assembled battery of so-called experts'). In the Bow Street case against *The Well of Loneliness*, a score of literary lions went home unheard because the magistrate had said 'I reject them all'. In more recent cases, particularly *The Image and The Search* in 1954, the muted lions have been quietly found seats in the court so that the jury, recognising personalities now made familiar to them by television, have been able to guess what they were there to say, if they got a chance. In case the jury might not be television addicts, defending counsel can tighten things up by reciting the names (until the judge stops him) of the distinguished witnesses he is not allowed to call. For 20 years the publishers of Joyce's *Ulysses*, neatly exploiting the fact that juries are told to 'read the book as a whole', have been publishing all the 'expert evidence' as an appendix.

Lolita, twice condemned at Bow Street in 1956, now seems to have been given her freedom. It is an open secret that the Director of Public Prosecutions, declining the role of skeleton at her publication-day feast, sent her publishers a message saying that 'she need have no fear'. In the House of Commons the government later denied that such a message ever went out 'from the Home Office', which no one had supposed it did. The Home Office, in any event, had made it clear to the Select Committee on Obscene Publications in 1958 that it had taken no active interest in obscene publications since 1946, when the DPP took over as required by the new Prosecution of Offences Regulations. The news that Scotland Yard has asked for copies of the Penguin *Lady Chatterley* suggests that the DPP may be feeling less 'indulgent' about her than about *Lolita*: less indulgent, too, than the customs officials have been lately. (Those intrepid men were allowing *Lolita* to come in months before the English edition was published, and for the past eight weeks they have been passing *Lady Chatterley* too.)

If the D. H. Lawrence book comes at last to trial, a great array of literary men and women will be available in its defence. But since literary opinion can also be called (by the Crown) that the book is over-praised or even worthless, the trial could become a battle of experts, a dilemma which juries have always tended to resolve (like the Bow Street magistrate who tried the *Well of Loneliness*) by rejecting the lot and using its own judgment. A judge in Montreal decided on 10 June that *Lady Chatterley* was obscene, and that the evidence of literary experts (including Professor Harry T. Moore, a prominent Lawrence authority) was 'purely personal', whatever that may have meant.

The stage is thus set for the first real test of the new Act, the purpose of which was to liberate contemporary literature from what Mr Justice Stable, in the *Philanderer* case, had called 'the standards thought proper for a 14-year-old schoolgirl'. One interesting point which will be cleared up, if the case comes to court, is whether Mr Justice Stable's yard-stick applies to a paperback available to the masses. In publishing, you never can tell.

Comments on the Week's News

The Congo

Don't Shoot the Umpire!

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: A week ago it looked as though Mr Hammarskjold, by his sombre warning to the Security Council (which was virtually a threat of resignation), had narrowly averted catastrophe. Once the Belgians were out of the Congo, it was argued, and thus obliged to abandon their subversive activities against the central government, it would be possible to make a realistic assessment of the relative strength of the 'centralist' and 'regionalist' forces in the Congo. On this basis, world opinion would be able to get a clear idea of what the Congolese themselves really wanted and, through the UN, help them to get it as quickly and as peacefully as possible.

Unfortunately, these hopes have been largely dashed by Mr Lumumba's hysterical onslaught against the UN and by the irresponsible support he has received in some quarters abroad. Lumumba's attitude, if not defensible, is at least understandable. He is, *faut de mieux*, the only legally invested executive authority in the Congo. Rightly or wrongly, he can argue that he is the only unifying factor in a vast country torn by tribal rivalries; the creation of a modern Congolese state is, theoretically at least, bound up with his survival as premier. Hence his sole object at this stage (and here personal ambition obviously plays a part) is to maintain himself in power, through the UN if possible, but with the help of other African states, or even Russia, if need be.

It is therefore unrealistic to expect him to act reasonably, or even rationally, at this stage. The same cannot be said for other interested parties. Such statesmen as Mr Nkrumah have it in their power to wreck the UN mission (indeed, to precipitate a civil war, even a Korea in the Congo) by offering their forces to Lumumba as an independent alternative to UN troops. Obviously, for men like Nkrumah, the temptation to play a leading role on the continental stage is strong. But their quite legitimate desire to see an African problem settled by Africans can in fact be met, in a way which would not endanger world peace, provided they are prepared to use the UN as a vehicle. For there is no reason why the UN forces should not consist, sooner or later, solely of African troops (which would meet Lumumba's main point) provided the transfer is not made under threat but at the request of Mr Hammarskjold himself, and with the approval of the Security Council or Assembly.

Equally, a heavy responsibility rests with Russia. If Mr Krushchev, for global political reasons, continues to back Lumumba regardless of the consequences, he may end not merely by destroying the last chance of a peaceful settlement in the Congo, but also by wrecking the UN. To judge by their performance to date, we cannot assume that the Russians are prepared to act responsibly. It is, therefore, all the more vital that the US and Britain should continue to place their trust in Mr H and give him all the backing he asks for. Plainly, all now depends on his willingness and ability to assume what is virtually the government of a divided country, bedevilled by every conceivable great- and small-power rivalry. Obviously there are grave risks in the UN assuming such a role. But the risks entailed in abdication are immeasurably greater.

Espionage

Wait and See

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: There are at least three unusual features to the Powers trial. One is that it is being held at all. When they catch a spy, most countries, one suspects, shoot, imprison or deport him without trial. This allows governments to maintain the official fiction that spying does not exist. The second unusual feature is that the trial is being held in public. Normally, if such trials *are* held, some of the evidence is heard *in camera*, partly in the interests of the official fiction and partly in the interests of the accusing government which does not wish to reveal the methods by which the spy was captured or the secrets into which he was delving. The third unusual feature is that before the prisoner had a chance to plead guilty in court, the head of his state pleaded guilty for him.

What does this trial amount to? No doubt the Russians hope to extract useful propaganda from it. One line which they are already shooting is that spying is an 'imperialist' practice not apparently indulged in by Communist countries; and though this may not impress the outside countries, most of whom have had direct experience of Communist agents even if their coastlines have not been visited by Russian submarines and 'fishing' trawlers, it could possibly have the effect in the closed Russian circuit of confirming the Russian people's faith that standards of morality are higher in the East than in the West. Another likely, indeed certain, effect is that the United States will have to change some of its spying methods.

None of this, however, necessarily means that Mr Powers is not getting a fair trial. Already, before the case opened, many papers, both in the United States and in Britain, assumed that the whole thing would be rigged, that Powers' Russian lawyer would put up no fight in mitigation – neither he nor anyone else is in a position to put up a fight against the main charge – and that Powers himself has been subjected to truth drugs and to brainwashing so that what he says will have no significance. There is, indeed, a determined attempt to surround the court with the atmosphere of the Engineers Trial in the Thirties, which the *Daily Sketch*, for one, has been vividly recalling for its readers.

These pre-trial forecasting and assumptions ended in making their authors look foolish. American practice and pronouncement during this affair have provided the Russians with enough propaganda to last them for a while. About this the Russians do not need to fabricate. It is on the cards that they will play it straight throughout, sticking to their code and practice during the proceedings and even, at the end, leaning over backwards to impose a light sentence. This, indeed, would be the most skilful propaganda of all. But how can anyone pronounce upon the legal validity of the trial until it is all over? One of the main tests of its fairness lies in the statement which Powers himself has made. If this in fact reveals information, beyond what he himself was likely to know, about American secret service methods (significantly, it did not incorporate the usual anti-imperialist jargon) the West would be justified in complaining of the confession and the trial itself. But before doing that it had better see what, in fact, happens next.

Alarm and Despondency

A Student of Soviet Affairs writes: The trial of Captain Francis Powers, the US airman shot down *in flagrante* while on an espionage mission deep within the Soviet Union, is being held in an atmosphere of mounting public exasperation and anger with American policy. It has been deliberately heightened by a series of expulsions of diplomats and tourists and by the publication of articles calling for increased vigilance. Many Russians are, naturally, less alarmed at the prospect of there being a foreign spy under the bed than of a recrudescence of the powers of the security police over Soviet citizens. One feature of the new vigilance campaign, however, is the increased role of the amateur in the detection of allegedly hostile elements, a kind of 'be your own country's intelligence agent' campaign, quite in keeping with the drive towards the dismantling of the central administrative agencies and the encouragement of a civic spirit. The foreign tourist who uses a camera in Russia is more likely to run into trouble with suspicious citizens than with the uniformed police. There seems to be as yet no substantial building up of anything like the vast organization that Beria commanded. However, the MGB, too, relied mainly on its 'amateur' assistants – the paid denouncers and petty spies who did so much to poison life for the average citizen in Stalin's Russia. There is an obvious danger that foreigners in Russia will be pestered by such people while the present spy scare continues. Incidentally, restrictions on Soviet citizens' rights to correspond freely with foreigners appear to have been re-imposed.

Another factor in the present tense state of public feeling is provided by the reports being brought back from China by Russian students. Their return was massive, totally unexpected and as bewildering to Russians as a mass exodus of British citizens from the US would be. Back home the specialists are talking freely and the gist of their reports is that China, in its present mood of arrogant chauvinism, is a danger to world peace. Hence the alarm and despondency felt here. Chinese students are leaving the USSR. The Chinese boycotted the recent international congress of orientalists in Moscow on the grounds that all bourgeois sinologists were spies, and, for no explained reason, the magazine *Friendship*, published in Moscow and devoted to Sino-Soviet relations, appears to have suspended publication.

Laos

The Careful Coup

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* The army *coup* in Laos has succeeded in one week in exchanging a pro-American government for one that is neutral. Prince Souvanna Phouma, who becomes Prime Minister for the third

time, has taken the portfolios of Foreign Affairs and Defence. He promises the country freedom from foreign interference. His cabinet does not include anyone from the young army group which made the *coup*, nor, as on a former occasion, has he brought in any one from the Neo Lao Haksat party, which is Communist-controlled and led by his half-brother Prince Souphanouvong.

There was never any doubt that the *coup* on 9 August was aimed at the defeat of the pro-American Somsanith government, dominated by the army officers of the Committee for the Defence of National Interests. The Laos army is entirely financed by American Aid, and there are 100 American military instructors and 300 American technical experts in the country. The 27-year-old Captain Kong Lae told the nation in his first broadcast that there were 'ten Americans in my own battalion who are permitted by the government to interfere in our affairs. There are also as many or even more Americans in other battalions and other places'. He described the Somsanith government as 'no longer Laotians. They are bought as the lackeys of the US'. He condemned the mishandling of American aid and the corruption which has become notorious in this country, half the size of Italy, with more American cars than miles of roads, where members of the government ran successful nightclubs and only about half the children born live to the age of ten.

Prince Souvanna Phouma has a good deal of tight-rope walking to do. The CNDI leaders have not yet shown their hand. They have strong vested, personal interests in American cooperation. Capt. Kong Lae's young army group, whilst clearly not Communist, wants to end the war with the Communist-led guerillas, of whom Prince Souphanouvong is said to have 7,000 in the jungle near Vietiane. Above all, Laos is sandwiched between Communist China and North Viet Nam on the one side and American-controlled Thailand and South Viet Nam on the other. A continuous flow of propaganda comes from the first, and from America flows aid which has scarcely touched 95 per cent of the Laotians, who are peasants. The US commander-in-chief in the Pacific told SEATO in June that the South-East Asia peninsula is a target for Communist China, and Laos would be the first point of entry. Laos is an important pawn in the propaganda war between America and China. Strict neutrality is its only hope, and it is unfortunate that the British government, as co-chairman with the Soviet Union of the International Commission set up in 1954, has persisted in its refusal to support Russia's demand for its recall.

West Berlin

Herr Brandt's Dilemma

A Student of German Affairs writes: The current discussion in the German press as to whether the Bundestag should hold its token session in Berlin this September, as in previous years, shows up the Bonn government's very real dilemma in dealing with the Berlin question. Should the Bundestag go to Berlin, in face of a Soviet threat to sign a peace treaty with the East Germans? The Communists are already boasting that Bundestag members who wish to make the return journey to Bonn will have to apply to Herr Ulbricht for visas. Is this bluff? It may well be; but this does not appear to be Dr Adenauer's view, and the Federal Chancellor is far too shrewd a politician not to know Ulbricht's bark from Krushchev's bite. But his concern may be less with possible East German tactical pin-pricks, than with long-term political strategy. There has been a latent contradiction for a long time in the West German approach to the Berlin problem, and it seems likely that Dr Adenauer, traditionally no lover of Berlin, is more aware of this than his colleagues or his opponents.

From the time of the Blockade, Ernst Reuter, and his successors as Lord Mayors of the city, have been pursuing a policy of total integration into the West German body politic. Herr Brandt, Ernst Reuter's political heir, has always been a strong advocate of integration. He has frequently argued, for instance, that the Berlin members of the Bundestag should be given full voting rights. It has been Dr Adenauer who opposed such moves.

It may turn out that Dr Adenauer's political instinct was sounder in this respect than that of Reuter and Herr Brandt. It is now plain, after all, that the Four Power agreements that grew out of Germany's total defeat are in fact the only legal basis for the defence of the West Berliners' freedom. It is, therefore, essential to the West German position that the continuing validity of the various occupation agreements be asserted. But there is some contradiction between this clinging to occupation status in the case of Berlin and the systematic destruction of that status over the years in West Germany itself. That the East Germans have done likewise is true: but far from strengthening the West German position, this fact serves to undermine it still further. The more West Berlin is integrated into West Germany, the less credible the pretence of continued Four Power occupation. In practice, this has been recognised; the Western commandants in Berlin have acted as a brake on the more extreme integrationist policies of the various Lord Mayors. There are no Bundeswehr units in Berlin, and recruiting for the Bundeswehr is not permitted (this was confirmed in an Allied-Russian exchange of notes last week). West Berliners cannot vote in Federal elections. The Berlin representation in the Bundestag remains purely nominal. Formally, at least, the legal fiction of occupation status is maintained.

Until now the sessions of the Bundestag in Berlin have been relatively uncontroversial. The annual or biennial jaunt to Berlin from provincial Bonn was considered good for morale – for the morale of the encircled Berliners, but also for the affluent and politically complacent West German politicos. The Communist threat has now provoked second thoughts. If the Bundestag, the source of political power in the Federal Republic, meets in Berlin, then either the Bundestag is being convened in occupied territory (which is distasteful), or Berlin is thereby declared to be an integral part of the Federal Republic (which could be disastrous). The same argument would seem to apply to the periodic visits of the Federal Chancellor and the West German President, who actually has an official residence in Berlin. Clearly, the West Germans are in an awkward dilemma in this matter, from which the Soviet threat in no way releases them. There is evidently a need for the integrationist policies, which have often been uncritically applauded in West Berlin and elsewhere, to be rethought with some care before the next onslaught of Mr Krushchev or his shadow in East Berlin.

Tennessee

'Twas A Famous Victory

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* With all the woeful dispatches that fill the press, from Katanga to Havana, it is a relief to report that things are looking up in Tennessee. Not since the Supreme Court six years ago ratified the surrender at Appamattox has a Southern or border state had as clear a choice as this month's primary election in which Senator Estes Kefauver successfully defended his political life. Seeking to rid the Senate of its most militantly enlightened Southerner was a judge named Andrew Taylor, a segregationist who went to the people with the blessing of the White Citizens' Councils and the Ku Klux Klan. Endorsed by John Kasper, a convicted race agitator, Judge Taylor counted heavily on animosity aroused by recent sit-down demonstrations and, perhaps sensing that segregation was not enough of a programme, he also favoured protection against 'cut-throat foreign imports', urged less Federal spending, and otherwise appealed to provincial and primitive sentiment. He freely accused his opponent not only of treason to the South, but of having been found 'wanting in the fight against Communism'.

Against this supposedly effective appeal, Kefauver made only the mildest concession to segregationist thought. He suggested that the civil rights plank of the Democratic platform went 'a little too far', but otherwise he was a model of political valour. Whether or not he was betraying the Confederacy, he would 'continue to favour the expansion of the right to vote until every qualified citizen, regardless of race, creed, or colour, is able to exercise his franchise' – routine talk in New York and Los Angeles but heady stuff in the city of Memphis. And when Taylor supporters passed around snapshots of Kefauver shaking hands with a Negro, as though they were Paris postcards, the Senator brazenly announced, 'I plead guilty to shaking hands with Negroes'. The speculation was that he would either lose his Senate seat or win by an eyelash. He won, instead, by a landslide, doubling Taylor's vote and doing much better than expected even in segregationist areas supposedly beyond redemption. As gratifying as the victory itself was the fact that several hundred Negroes in the state's two most racially oppressive counties voted in a Democratic primary, since Reconstruction days a ceremony reserved for the fair of face.

Kefauver's pleasure over the results makes understandable his finding that 'the detractors of the South, who tried to say we are a backward people, have been proven wrong.' But while congratulations are in order, the circumstances in which a handful of Negroes finally achieved their political birthright call for something less than hosannahs. The fact is that they were registered under the watchful eyes of FBI agents, a National Broadcasting Company television team, and a contingent of reporters from the North. And behind the scenes an economic squeeze of formidable proportions had dissuaded a great many of their fellow-citizens from even attempting to register. Under pressure from Citizens' Councils and the like, white merchants refused to sell clothes or food to Negro voting registrants, and distributors by-passed Negro retailers in need of replenishing their stocks of bread, milk, soft-drinks, and gasoline. Matters became so serious for a time that Northern organizations were sending weekly shipments

of food and clothing to Western Tennessee to ease the hardship, and only when the four biggest oil companies sent in gasoline under armed guard did Negro farmers get enough fuel for their farm machinery.

Still, the Kefauver victory must be accounted a great gain, and as to the backwardness of the South, the Senator himself will be the first to promote further proof to the contrary.

Crude Oil

Collapse of Stout Party

Our Middle East Correspondent writes: British Petroleum is unlikely to be long behind Esso and Shell in cutting its posted prices for Middle East crude oil. When it does, nearly half the total Middle East production of 265 m. tons will have been affected and the remaining American companies and the French company will probably follow. When Esso announced the cuts on 9 August, BP hoped to prevent a general movement, but to the company's obvious surprise and dismay, Shell followed Esso's lead instead of taking its normal course of waiting to see what BP would do. With the opening of negotiations between the Iraqi Government and the Iraq Petroleum Company last Monday, the timing of the cuts could scarcely be worse for BP.

While the ultimate cause of the cuts is the general weakness in world oil markets, there can be little doubt that the immediate reason is the Soviet government's offer to India of crude oil at a price well below the rate charged by the major oil companies. The consequent offer of a 11 per cent discount by Shell and other companies may be regarded as the most considerable benefit that an underdeveloped and uncommitted nation has yet derived from the economic cold war.

The Middle East oil-producing countries are as angry as the Indians are pleased. When Persian Gulf oil prices were cut in February last year, Middle East governments pressed their demand that in future they should be consulted, or at least informed, before the cuts were made. As last year, the cuts will mean a sharp reduction in oil revenues per ton, but this time, with the world oil surplus an indisputable fact, it will be much more difficult to prevent total revenues from falling by increasing production, as Iraq and Persia succeeded in doing. The oil companies will point out, as they have already done, that for some time they have been selling crude to independent refiners at well below posted prices. Middle East oil revenues, unlike the Venezuelan, are based on posted prices, and the Middle East states may well say that if the companies have in fact been paying out more than 50 per cent of their profits for the past year there is no reason why they should not continue to do so.

One result of the cuts will be to strengthen the hand of Sheik Abdullah Tariki, the ebullient, Texas-trained, Saudi Director of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs, who until recently had been almost alone among Middle Eastern oil economists in seeking the adoption of a quota rationing policy to plan Middle East crude oil production (and, if possible, world oil production) over a long period. Hitherto his chief ally has been Venezuela. Kuwait has never taken a lead in oil policy. Although crude oil is almost its only resource, it has already reached a point where it has a much greater income than it can invest inside its own borders and it can take even a sharp cut in income without suffering. Iraq and Persia, on the other hand, have ignored rationing schemes and concentrated on increasing exports rather than seeking to obtain a larger share of the profits from the present level of oil sales. Now they may well change their attitude and, as Tariki has already pointed out, if the Japanese company which has found oil offshore in the Saudi Arabia-Kuwait Neutral Zone and will be producing at the rate of 3m. tons a year by the end of 1960, provides the Saudi and Kuwaiti Governments with a larger revenue per ton than Iraq and Persia are receiving from their oil companies, they have the right to ask for an increased share of the profits. Tariki will certainly press these points at the Second Arab Oil Conference in Beirut in October.

The price cuts range up to 6 per cent and they may cause a reduction of 3 or 4 per cent in the national income of a Middle Eastern state. It naturally seems intolerable to the governments of these countries that this should happen to them without warning. But they are in a weak position both vis-à-vis the oil companies and in the eyes of the world, for several reasons. One is that the world oil surplus seems to be increasing rather than diminishing, and although one of the causes of this is the new oil discoveries made elsewhere in the world, it is due more to their own insistence that the oil companies increase production as fast as possible. There is also the simple fact that there are many more oil consumers than producers in the world. Price cuts benefit everyone and not only the richer industrialized nations. The fact that the oil and shipping industries have not participated in the current world boom has helped more than anything else to avoid inflation. Finally, the activities of some of the Arabian oil sheikhs have convinced many people that the majority of Middle Eastern revenues are squandered anyway.

A sense of proportion must be maintained. The present oil glut could disappear with the industrialization of India, China and Africa, even if both Libya and Algeria turn out to be new Kuwaits, which is unlikely. And although the oil companies may now feel in a strong position, they are dealing with governments which have a far greater understanding of the financial complexities of the oil industry than they did even five years ago. The companies have every reason to maintain good relations with the countries in which most of their activities will still be carried on. And there is always the possibility that the Russians will be willing to negotiate a marketing agreement for oil, as they did for diamonds.

Fleet Street

Two Rousing Cheers

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Things are looking up in Fleet Street. The fall in total newspaper circulations which began in 1954, and which has been proceeding pretty continuously ever since, seems at last to have been halted. Indeed there is now actually an upward turn. We are reading more in the Sixties. So far the rise is small. But it is enough to suggest that the bottom has been touched – for newspapers as a whole, that is, although not for some individual ones which are still falling, falling, falling. Now that all the ABC figures are out, a statistical stroll down Fleet Street shows that the British people bought some 55,000 more copies of national daily newspapers on average during the first six months of this year than they did during the same period last year – just over 16,050,000 a day altogether. This is not enough to justify a peal of bells or a celebration dinner, but it makes permissible a small gin and tonic in the offices of circulation managers.

Even more people have decided to start buying more Sunday papers again – just on 200,000 of them in fact. This brings the total Sunday newspaper circulation to above 27 million copies for the first time for quite a long while. This is, of course, still a long way from the glorious days of 1952 when something over 32,100,000 newspapers went into British homes every quiet Sunday morning. Still, it is an indication that Sunday reading is getting expansionist again.

One other fact is clear. Whatever else people are reading more of, it is not the *News of the World*. Since its heyday shortly after the war, the *News of the World* has lost altogether more than 1,500,000 total circulation, which must be getting on for an all time record in shedding readers. It is true that there were so many of them that, even after this mass desertion, the *News of the World* still retains the world championship with a current circulation figure of some 6,455,000. But this is some 100,000 less than it had for the same period a year ago. It looks as though the £35,000 the paper recently spent so that Miss Diana Dors could tell all did no more than temporarily check the rush. This fall in the *News of the World's* circulation might more certainly be regarded as a sign of the march of civilisation if it were not that most of those currently turning away from its somewhat sleazy attractions have merely moved over to the *People*. (The adjective does not refer to Mr Randolph Churchill, whose decision to transfer his pen to the *News of the World* is regretted by those who used to enjoy his explosions in that much more appropriate and, to use his own favourite word 'grown-up' medium, the *Evening Standard*; but even Mr Churchill himself, although not an unduly modest man, publicly confessed the other day that he doubted whether he could have brought more than, say, 1,000 new readers to the paper.)

Within this general context of more Sabbath reading the change in pattern is interesting – and mathematically rather surprisingly tidy. Five have gone up. Five have gone down. The five on the upswing are the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* – whose continuing success I have already commented on as part of 'the slow swing to quality,' – the *People* (up fantastically in the year by 268,000), the *Sunday Express*, with a rise of nearly 120,000, and, marginally, the *Graphic* which managed to increase its sales by just over 5,000. Those which lost readers were, in addition to the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, whose circulation fell by about 56,000 (like the *News of the World* it made the mistake of putting too much trust in the love life of Miss Dors, told in its case by a friend), the *Sunday Dispatch*, which dropped by nearly 110,000, and the *Empire News* and, of course, *Reynolds News*, which is now down to only just about 328,000. One says 'of course', because *Reynolds* now sheds readers so regularly that it has ceased to be a matter of surprise although it remains one to regret. It is difficult to see any very coherent pattern in all this. But manifestly the fact that people are again starting to read more Sunday papers does not mean that we are moving back into the age of the soft sell. Only those papers which are highly competent within their own, very varying, terms of reference, are succeeding in winning new readers.

The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

W. JOHN MORGAN

'The Cunard have got even the weather sewn up', said a young waiter (first class) off the *Queen Elizabeth* as we stood, with some five hundred other strikers, sheltering from the heavy morning rain, waiting for the mass meeting to begin in a Southampton park. The previous evening he had disembarked from the great ship at berth 107 and been driven in a taxi through a crowd of demonstrators at the dock gate. These were men on strike from the *Mary* and the *Sylvania* who earlier that day had seen two of their colleagues sentenced to a month in jail for disobeying a lawful command or, as it looked to them, for exercising their right to withhold their labour, the right to behave like free men. 'We did not want to strike. But we want JUSTICE. Why should the courts be allowed to silence our men?' read one banner.

As the taxis carrying the sailors off the *Lizzie* passed through the gates some of their passengers gave the thumbs-up sign. A few stopped to put money in a biscuit-tin that the strikers were using as a collecting-box for funds. Rumours spread. Three hundred men had signed-off from the *Lizzie*. The union had put two officers aboard at Cherbourg ('the cunning bastards'). They'd been booed; cheered. The strikers made their way back into town, looking for Brannigan who'd fix them a meal, a bed for the night, at the Sailors' Home, or somewhere. 'I'm like the Pied Piper', said Brannigan, a young man, recently on the *Saxonia*, who'd been sent down from Liverpool by the Reform Movement committee. 'If I fix up one boy with a meal, 40 more come out of the ground with their tongues hanging out. Like to make a contribution to the funds?' 'We slept three in one bed last night', said a deck hand off the *Mary*. 'No one's slept in the park yet'.

The rain stopped and out came the sun and with it the strikers out of the taprooms of the Glasgow and the Royal Oak and the doorways, and gathered around a marble column commemorating battles in the Sudan and listened to local leaders and one from Liverpool bring them up to date in what is commonly represented as their private battle with the National Union of Seamen, to which they all belong. Far more men than these 500 were on strike from ships in Southampton, but many had been sent home. Fifty left for Liverpool in the back of a furniture van – organised by Brannigan. Others were transported by sympathetic lorry-drivers. Undoubtedly they, like those who remained and, I suspect, the majority of the union's members, supported the strike's purpose and spirit.

'If Southampton, which is usually a lazy, lackadaisical sort of port, will come out like this', said the local strike-leader, Daniel Macready, 'then you can judge how strong feeling is'. 'Although it's true that most of the strikers are young', added a henchman off a British Railways vessel, 'I never remember a case where so many leading hands and older men were willing to come out in support'.

In answer to public criticism, of which they are acutely aware, the strikers plead a just cause and public ignorance of the circumstances. Seen from their eye-level, the nuisance and hardship caused travellers and holiday-makers, while regrettable, is an advantage. The time to hit the ship-owners is when the ships are full. 'What's the good of striking in winter when the ships are laid-up?' More arcane criticisms, like the damage done the trade-union movement in the public eye, produce unprintable answers about the damage the NUS is doing, while any question about the effect on the Labour Party image stimulates incredulity. (At least three of the strikers I talked to at the dock gate voted Tory in 1959, and don't pay the political levy.)

On the face of it, their cause scarcely seems just enough to disrupt journeys and strike a serious blow at the nation's economy ('blame that on the owners' stupidity and greed', said Daniel Macready). Sir Thomas Yates, the union secretary whose Dover club and Bentley are currently the cause of such bitter derision in every British port, could fairly claim an unprecedented advance in conditions of pay under the agreement of 9 August. It comes within 30 shillings a month of what was asked – and of what the strikers are still demanding. It won a 44-hour week in dock and a reduction in hours at sea (the strikers want an overall 44-hour week). Overtime rates have increased, and there is to be a non-contributory pension scheme. Why, then, the bitterness and the strike?

The seamen's immediate response is to say that they had been led to believe that the full claim was going to be met and that the union has let them down. The demands made, they say, were the minimum necessary to make life at sea tolerable and bring their wages at least within shouting distance of land-lubbers' rates of pay. But, one argues with the cabin waiters and the deck hands, aren't compromises of this kind commonplace, even inevitable, in any wage settlement? And then one comes nearer the heart of the matter. The settlement is just the match that sets a dense forest of discontent alight.

Anger is directed on a wide front at the union officers. They hold office permanently and are out of touch with the men. 'When they go aboard ship they eat in the first-class dining room; drink with the chief steward.' 'They don't want to see you if you're in any trouble. They just want your money.' There are graver complaints which the laws of libel prevent my repeating. Whether all this is true is, however, in a sense beside the point: that the charges are made by so many people is in itself a serious matter. But the fundamental complaint is one which makes it inaccurate to say that this dispute is wholly between seamen and their union. This complaint is that the union does not hit hard enough at the ship-owners; that it is in the employers' pocket. It remains the employers that the strikers mainly detest.

This, of course, is not true of all seamen. As Daniel Macready, a Belfast man, put it: 'Do you know, there are men on the Cunard ships who'll look out of the porthole and if they see another Cunard ship passing they'll shout: "Look there's one of ours"? One of ours! As if they owned the bloody line. Men on £8 a week. The nits.' Neither is it true of many senior men, who do well out of tips on the liners (although I talked to one first-class waiter who makes £20 a week but was striking in sympathy with men who earned less than £10).

But there are enough who find conditions unsatisfactory to keep the main enemy in sight. A first-class waiter off the *Britannic* showed me his payslip for a three-month voyage. His gross wages were £131, of which £23 was overtime at 3s. 9d. an hour – a rate which no builder's labourer would tolerate. The seamen complain of accommodation aboard ship – not only on older vessels where, if you put your shoes on the floor at night, they're heat-buckled in the morning because the floor's so near the engines, where it's 12 to a room, but also in the newest ships. Their portholes, they complain, cannot be opened from the begining to the end of a voyage because they lie too near the waterline. For air they have to make do with a dusty, hot draught that circulates through the ship.

Behind low pay and frequently squalid conditions lies anger at the disciplinary section of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894, under which the present wave of arrests is taking place. Sailors object strongly to a disciplinary code which some captains carry to ludicrous lengths. Men are sometimes fined two days' pay for being ten minutes late.

They object to curious techniques of personnel management like the DR system. These initials in a seamen's book mean that the captain has declined to comment on his character and ability. 'It's their hypocritical way of giving a bad reference', as Macready puts it. The seamen might as well be branded – even though the captain's decision, when explicable, is unjust. The seamen want a shop steward aboard ship. 'We don't want to run the ship; just the right to speak'.

The arrests of strikers dwarf these complaints. Very reasonably these seem to them an interference with a liberty basic to all British industry. Why men who happen to be cooks or waiters aboard ship should be subject to imprisonment if they strike, incite others to strike, or disobey a lawful command when this command tells them not to strike seems, like much else about the merchant service, an anachronism, to say the least. The union is arguing that this is a complicated subject to which it has been giving attention for some years. The strikers were not aware of this. Why, they wanted to know, hasn't the NUS made a great stink about it? And about all the other complaints, if it knows about them?

The strikers are hoping that the Ministry of Labour will order an investigation into the whole shooting-match, and the TUC an investigation into the NUS. But when the marching has stopped and the abuse has been stored away for future use important questions remain. (The strikers aren't likely to forget they've been called Communists by union leaders: Sir Tom may remember remarks like: 'he's sold us down the river. He's got no time for us because of the exclusive club he's running'. *Laughter and Cheers.*)

The most important question is the general position of workers, like seamen, in service industries. Even if the ship-owners were spotless, which they are far from being; and even if the NUS was all it should be, which it isn't; and even if the strikers were all totally responsible men, which is asking a lot: granting all this, the industry is at a disadvantage. Seamen, like railwaymen and busmen, are not able, by directly relating their efforts to production in a booming industry, to share in all the bonuses and fringe benefits of affluence. Relatively their position may even decline further. Yet because they are, like busmen and railwaymen, directly serving the public, any strike action they may take to try and improve their relative – and absolute – condition, loses them crucial public sympathy. 'We're caught between the devil and the deep blue sea', said one striker, but he was talking about the Act of 1894.

London Diary

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Reports of mounting tension between Moscow and Peking, and even of a sudden exodus of Russian technicians from China, one instinctively treats with a certain scepticism. Such developments are too near the heart's desire of both anti- and dissident Communists (some of the reports originated in Belgrade) to be easily credible. All the same, some significant comment has been appearing in the Soviet Press. When I was in China a year or so ago, I had the subject constantly in mind, and tried, without much success, to talk about it. The Chinese, I noticed, treat Russian technicians as privileged foreigners, but do not much consort with them. They like them to go as soon as they can be dispensed with, and witness their departure with evident composure. Even in the universities, Russian students are segregated like other foreigners, and official Chinese statistics indicate a marked swing towards learning English rather than Russian as a second language at school. Again, there are plenty of pictures of Stalin still to be seen, but none of Krushchev. The only one of him I came across was in a large group portraying the signing of a Soviet-Chinese Treaty of Friendship in the Kremlin – one of those essays in Socialist Realism which, with my execrable taste in painting, I rather like because there are a lot of faces to be recognized. Stalin and Mao were in the centre, and Krushchev a bashful figure well in the background. When I drew attention to his presence, my Chinese companions failed to kindle. Whatever they may have thought about Krushchev, it was pretty clear that they did not much care for him. In conversation with Chinese officials, I several times suggested that their relations with Russia were rather like ours with the United States, pointing out that in both cases the alliance was so important, militarily and economically, that its more distasteful consequences just had to be endured. This invariably caused irritation, which suggested that the point was taken. When, later on in Moscow, I made the same point in a CBS broadcast to America, it was removed bodily by the Censor from my script. These are but tiny pointers, and, as far as the forseeable future is concerned, the two countries may, I am sure, always be relied on to stand together in the last resort. Even so, it is, I should say, likely to be increasingly a marriage of convenience rather than a love match. If a divorce is inconceivable, a judicial separation is not.

* * *

Proofs of yet more war memoirs – Lord Ismay's – recently came into my hands. The now so familiar course is faithfully followed. How extraordinary, I reflected, that this barrel should stand yet another rinsing! Probably no human events have been so often and so variously described. Generals, diplomats, admirals, air marshals, politicians and civil servants – all have had their say. The battles have been fought over and over, the controversies argued out again and again. And still it goes on. Each new version of the often told tale makes one wonder whether public interest in it may at last have abated. But, no! After Churchill and Eisenhower came Montgomery and Alanbrooke, both best-sellers. Ismay's equable memoirs will doubtless likewise be widely read and serialised, even though they add nothing new to what is already known, and are too respectfully disposed towards Churchill and Ismay's other wartime associates for any serious criticism to be attempted. What, I ask myself, is the explanation of this apparent inexhaustible tolerance of the same material, whether dished up in Churchill's bastard Gibbonese or in Ismay's sleepy prose? Is it, perhaps, that everyone is aware, consciously or subconsciously, that the 1939-1945 war provided the very last occasion for Britain to play a major rôle in world affairs? Dwelling upon its course provides a means of obliterating for a little while the humiliations and disappointments of the post-war years. In brooding over these endlessly repeated war memoirs, we are like an aged actress nostalgically recalling her last big part.

* * *

Professor Galbraith has the curious distinction of being, at once, an intimate counsellor of the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, Senator Kennedy, and an important voice, off stage, in all the controversy which still rages in the Labour Party. From Michael Foot to Messrs Jay and Crosland, everyone brings in the Professor's pet concept, the Affluent Society. It has become the King Charles's Head of the Left. I find this very diverting. Galbraith himself represents, I should suppose, more or less exactly the Crosland position, which envisages the Labour Party becoming more or less the equivalent of the Democratic Party in the United States. On the other hand, in an article recently published in the *Observer*, it seemed to me that he was rather summary with his natural allies like Crosland, and more respectfully, or at any rate more indulgently, disposed towards Crossman, with whom he might be expected to find himself in strong disagreement. It all goes to illustrate the total confusion which has overwhelmed left-wing politics. Galbraith's analysis of the moral inadequacy of an Affluent Society, concerned only to perpetuate and expand its affluence, is as impressive as was Tawney's of an Acquisitive Society. On the other hand, like Keynes, he offers hope and solace to those who believe in the possibility of mending, without abolishing, our present way of life. Thus, fundamentalists and revisionists can alike lean upon him. This benign shepherd both comforts, and confirms, the worst fears of his bewildered flock.

* * *

A publisher tells me that the tendency nowadays is for authors to be invented before they write their books instead of after. Thus, for instance, it may be decided that a good line in authors would be a Nigerian who has had a love affair with an American girl in a leper colony. The man is duly discovered, photographed, got into the news, and otherwise publicised. He then writes his book, or if, as may well happen, he turns out to be illiterate, someone writes it for him. The book, in other words, is a by-product of the author rather than the other way round. I can foresee further developments. Publishers will keep a stable of ghost writers (perhaps they already do) whose products, as they come off the conveyor-belt, will be allotted to suitable authors. All that will be required of the authors themselves will be to hang around, suitably attired (roll-top sweater outfit, or, alternatively, tweeds and corduroy outfit) until they are fitted with an appropriate book. An author who has been involved in a public brawl, or run away with a heiress, will be at a great advantage. So will one who has done time, preferably for a homosexual offence, but any old indecency will do. Thus equipped, an author must succeed in his profession. It will just be a question of the right book turning up at the right time.

* * *

Time and Tide, under its enterprising new management, has produced a table of the academic distinctions of the eminent. It contains what were, to me, a number of surprises. For instance, I had always assumed that Sir Edward Boyle, who gives an impression of immense learning amiably and easily carried, must have a whole series of firsts to his credit. In fact, he took a third in history. This is highly gratifying to someone like myself, whose record at Cambridge was even more lowly than Sir Edward's at Oxford. Our new Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, took a fourth. So did the Bishop of Coventry. Dr Charles Hill, on the other hand, was awarded a first in natural science. Firsts, are, indeed, fairly plentiful on both the government and opposition Front Benches, whereas journalists and writers make, on the whole, but a poor showing – Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell thirds in history, and Auden a third in English. Critic, I am happy to report, lightens this sorry scene with firsts in both parts of the Cambridge history tripos. I was delighted to note that Barbara Castle had only managed a third. It is always painful to me to think of anyone as attractive as she is being diligent at her studies.

* * *

I see that, when regular medical examinations were introduced for senior executives of the BBC, nine per cent were found to be suffering from excess weight, fifteen per cent were afflicted with bowel disorders, and ten per cent with indigestion. It explains a lot.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Three men went on a pub-crawl in a 17½-ton mobile crane, a court was told yesterday. The three men appeared at West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, yesterday, and heard Mr Harry Bailey, prosecuting, say: 'It is a most unsuitable vehicle for driving from public-house to public-house'. – *News Chronicle* (Christopher Booker).

Mr. R. A. Bartram, the chairman, told him: 'This was very un-English to butt a man in the face when his hands were in his pocket. It's just not cricket.' – *News of the World* (F. D. McIntyre).

'I cannot understand the objection to the Picasso play. Admittedly the stage directions make spicy reading – at one point a female character arises from a bath and plays the rest of the play in a pair of stockings. But, of course, our director insists on her wearing clothes.' – *Guardian* (W. Pelz).

Major R. W. Bretherton, the Chief Civil Defence Officer for Lancashire, who directed the exercise from the headquarters, said that the evacuation of Catforth was quite conceivable in terms of an H-bomb attack on Liverpool. 'It is,' he added, 'an operation which might well have its peacetime uses. It would, for instance, come in useful if there was any extensive road subsidence around the village.' – *Guardian* (David Bennell).

AMAZING HOLIDAY SNAPS TAKEN WITH VICKY'S SECRET CAMERA
NUDIST CAMP
TAKE OFF EVERYTHING
CONSTITUTION
DOUBLE-EXPOSURE
TROUBLED WATERS
"YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!"
Dear Selwyn, don't you wish you were HOME? Yours Mac
"THE RAIN IN SPAIN..."
sorry, Negative only

Half a Loaf

IVY LITVINOFF

Mrs Proto saw both the fat lady and the thin lady every morning, but she did not know their names, and they did not know each other's names. If they had, they would have been surprised to know that they were the same; they were both Miss Evans. Not only this, they were both Miss Ann Evans, only the fat lady spelt her name with an 'e' at the end – Miss Anne Evans; while the thin one, who had been christened Annie, had dropped the final vowels as soon as she was old enough to know what's what. They probably neither of them knew Mrs Proto's name, though it was written up over the door: 'L. Proto. Licensed to sell tobacco.' But the strip of paper on which it was written was so narrow and pasted so high up that most people who went into the shop never noticed it. They only read what interested them, pasted lower down over the door and across the windows: 'Restaurant. Open. Players Please. Snacks. Café. Coffee and Minerals.'

It was a corner shop and both windows were filled with tier upon tier of fat glass jars filled to the top with sweets that nobody was ever seen to buy. Inside there were not more than four tables, with just room between them and the counter for customers to stand and order their coffee or buy their cigarettes. The atmosphere was not intimate; youths and maidens did not gaze at one another across the uncovered table-tops; doe-eyed coloured students seldom appeared there, and, when they did, seemed distressed to find the only condiment was bright yellow mustard. The clientèle came mainly from the bomb-site, rough and tough young men in leather jackets. On Saturdays and Sundays tired Italian families came in, ate their spaghetti and went out quickly, but Miss Anne Evans and Miss Ann Evans were the only regular woman customers.

Miss Anne Evans was enormously stout and looked kindly and dignified, in spite of the wisps of grey hair straggling out from below the brim of her felt hat. She wore this felt hat and a blue raincoat in all weathers. Miss Ann Evans was not fat at all, just dumpy, and she never wore a hat. Mrs Proto was a beautiful woman with a wavy fringe covering half her forehead and arched eyebrows. Some days Miss Anne Evans thought Mrs Proto was like the Renoir barmaid, and other days she thought she was like a Toulouse-Lautrec lady, till at last she decided she was like the Renoir barmaid with a touch of a Toulouse-Lautrec lady. Miss Ann Evans thought Mrs Proto was very good-looking, but needed a different sort of bra. They both thought Mr Proto looked disagreeable and didn't deserve such a wife.

Miss Anne Evans and Miss Ann Evans never spoke to one another, except when they met at the door of the shop and said thank you so much and so sorry and smirked. They did not take to one another. Miss Ann Evans felt somehow annulled by the abstracted gaze of Miss Anne Evans's eyes behind her thick glasses; and Miss Anne Evans did not like Miss Ann Evans's hard, bright glance.

One morning, it might have been Good Friday or Easter Monday or just an ordinary Sunday, Miss Anne Evans (the fat Miss Evans) sat drinking her morning coffee when Miss Ann Evans tripped in and asked Mrs Proto could she oblige her with a loaf of bread, for she had left herself without any bread over the weekend and what was she to do? Mrs Proto said she could, but she only had a big loaf, dear, and Miss Ann Evans said she was afraid she couldn't manage a big loaf all by herself. Miss Anne Evans then looked up and said: 'Shall we have one between the two of us? I haven't any bread either.'

Miss Ann Evans and Mrs Proto were quite amazed at the originality, not to say daring of this suggestion. Mr Proto, who was in his shirtsleeves with his arms bare to the elbow and his hands in his pockets, leaned away from the counter with a distinct sneer on his countenance. They worked it out that, the whole loaf costing one and a penny, each of the ladies would have to pay sixpence-halfpenny. Miss Ann Evans brought the loaf over to Miss Anne Evans's table and cut it in half, right through the cellophane, thanking Miss Anne Evans all the time.

'It's for my own convenience,' said Miss Anne Evans shortly, and she counted out her sixpence-halfpenny on the tabletop.

'Well, thank you very, very much,' said Miss Ann Evans, gathering up the threepenny bit, the three pennies, and the halfpenny. While she waited for Mrs Proto to serve coffee to a tired-looking man with a walrus moustache, Miss Ann Evans glanced at a newspaper somebody had left on the counter. 'Listen to this!' she exclaimed. 'Now they're sorry for the poor men who have to do the flogging! It's bad for their characters, poor things! What next I should like to know!'

Miss Anne Evans turned her head sharply, opened her mouth, shut it again, and stumped out of the shop.

Miss Ann Evans watched her through the door. 'It's people like her who encourage all these thugs and hooligans,' she said. Mrs Proto smiled, if, that is, she had ever stopped smiling. Mr Proto looked more disagreeable than ever. Miss Ann Evans couldn't tell what either of them was thinking.

On the evening of the same day Miss Anne Evans (the fat one) suddenly reappeared in the shop, to the surprise of Mr and Mrs Proto, who had never seen her there twice on the same day. Most of the tables were occupied, but all the noise came from one, where a woman with dyed hair and vermilion lips was keeping up the spirits of her silent husband and schoolgirl daughters with loud, encouraging words and louder laughter. Miss Anne Evans leaned as close to Mrs Proto's ear as she could. 'I'm afraid I didn't pay for my half,' she said.

'What dear?' said Mrs Proto, who had forgotten the transaction and was a little deaf on that side anyhow. Mr Proto, standing beside her with his arms folded and a napkin dangling from the fingers of one hand, looked almost interested.

Miss Anne Evans held out a sixpence and a halfpenny. 'My half of the loaf I bought with that lady,' she explained, raising her voice a little. 'I'm afraid I forgot to pay her.'

The golden-haired lady herded her family through the shop to the street-door. Her husband stopped at the counter to pay.

'Thank you dear,' said Mrs Proto. 'Goodbye, dear! Come again!'

'Bye-bye!' cried the lady. 'Say night-night, girls!' When the door shut on her nobody spoke for a moment, all enjoying the hush.

'I forgot to pay for my half of the bread,' repeated Miss Anne Evans. 'Will you give it to that lady when she comes?'

'You can give it her yourself next time you see her,' said Mrs Proto soothingly.

'Oh, no. it might be weeks before we're here together again,' said Miss Anne Evans eagerly. 'I wouldn't like to be indebted to a person like her. You pay her please, and give her my apologies.'

Mrs Proto accepted the sixpence-halfpenny, and Miss Anne Evans walked away with the air of having triumphed over an enemy.

But as she turned the corner into Isleworth Road a great light broke over her and she remembered with extreme clarity handing over a threepenny bit, three pennies and a halfpenny. When she got home, she was still more certain, for the only halfpenny in her purse had the head of George VI on it, which meant she must have given away the one she had been keeping for the little boy opposite who collected Queen halfpennies. Miss Anne Evans could have stamped with rage. It wasn't the money, she told herself, it was the annoyance of actually giving a present to a person who, she was sure, believed not only in flogging for prisoners, but in *Apartheid*, segregation and white supremacy. Being in debt to her would have been mortifying, but it was almost as irritating to have given her a present. 'I'll never go there again,' she told herself.

Miss Ann Evans, slightly puzzled, took the sixpence halfpenny from Mrs Proto when she went to the counter to pay for her morning coffee the next day. But when she got out into the street she too was visited by the conviction that she had been paid already for the other lady's half of the loaf. She could remember the clipped edges of the threepenny bit, the three big dark pennies, the lightness of the sixpence, the yellowness of the halfpenny, and so she turned back into the shop. 'You can give it her yourself when you see her,' said Mrs Proto, with her ever-functioning smile.

But Miss Ann Evans was as eager as Miss Anne Evans had been to refund the money. 'I wouldn't want to be beholden to a person like her,' she said. 'She thinks it's cruel to flog a man who rapes an innocent child and would probably like to give the vote to all black men.' As Mrs Proto hesitated, Mr Proto leaned forward, took the coins and dropped them into the box for spastic children, looking imperturbably disagreeable.

Miss Anne Evans and Miss Ann Evans, unable to endure the thought of encountering one another, started patronising the shop of Mrs Rossi across the road. They did not like it nearly so much as Mrs Proto's; Mrs Rossi served only French mustard and put condensed milk into the coffee. And the exclusively Italian clientèle was noisier than the rough young men from the bomb site. And, after all, they were still using the same café. So after three weeks of not enjoying their breakfast at all, Miss Anne Evans and Miss Ann Evans returned to Mrs Proto's. The very first day Miss Anne Evans going out met Miss Ann Evans coming in, and held the door open for her.

Miss Ann Evans said: 'I'm *so* sorry!'

Miss Anne Evans said: 'Not at all!'

Miss Ann Evans said: 'Thank you *very* much!'

Miss Anne Evans said: 'Not at all!' – and went out.

Miss Ann Evans went in. Mrs Proto smiled. Mr. Proto leaned against the counter, still looking disagreeable. But perhaps it was only the arrangement of his features, for he had come out from behind the counter when Miss Anne Evans (the fat one) came in, and he moved the English mustard to the table she chose. He had even watched for a moment as she lifted the top of her roll and dabbed some on the ham underneath.

This will be Brazil tomorrow: architect Niemeyer's model of the banking quarter of Brasília, the new capital city which is already—since 21st April—the seat of the government.

Giant on the march

POWER SPELLS PROSPERITY FOR BRAZIL IN THE 'SIXTIES

It's hard to believe that the United States of Brazil are nearly as big as the United States of America, and form the fifth largest country in the world.

Yet, for all its immensity and potential wealth, Brazil is only halfway through the great leap in development which, without any doubt, will make her one of the leading nations in the world.

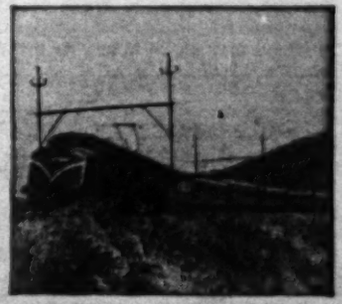
How do we measure a country's development? The economist's standard of prosperity is *the consumption of electric power per head of population.* In Brazil this is low as yet, but rapidly rising. The National Development Plan will raise Brazil's generating capacity by 5 million kilowatts to around 8 million in 1965. Even this will be only a fraction of the estimated potential—45 million kilowatts by hydro-electric generation alone!

The future holds boundless hopes for the 63 million people of Brazil, based not only on her massive power resources, but on her investment in new industries, improved communications and the extraction of her mineral riches.

English Electric in Brazil. Well in the picture in all these developments comes The English Electric Company. English Electric has enjoyed long association with Brazil—dating back to the 1920's, when the company electrified the Campos do Jordão Railway in São Paulo state. Since then, English Electric has supplied generating plant, electric and diesel-electric locomotives and equipment for railway electrification, and machine drives and other plant for industry. In the new drive to harness Brazil's power resources, English Electric has almost completed extensive contracts for the big Ponte Coberta hydro-electric power station near Rio de Janeiro.

In every branch of power production—*generating, distributing* and *using* electrical energy—English Electric equipment is at work. And while English Electric gains in Brazil further valuable experience, which it can use for work in other countries and at home, Brazil knows it can depend on the specialized knowledge and technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.

The spiral casing for one of two 68,500-h.p. water turbines during manufacture by English Electric for the Ponte Coberta hydro-electric plant of Rio Light S.A., near Rio de Janeiro.



On the Santos to Jundiaí Railway, sixteen 3,000-h.p. English Electric locomotives enabled schedule times to be cut by 40%. They were supplied under a comprehensive contract for main line electrification.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2

Wish You Were Here, Comrade

K. S. KAROL

'Men may invite young women to dance, but must not press the point. Young women have the right to refuse to dance, but must do so politely'. These rules of conduct are printed on a large notice at the entrance of the main dance-hall in Yalta. Other regulations deal with dress (rubber-soled shoes are forbidden; so are overalls), and state: 'Men must under no circumstances dance together'.

The desire to educate visitors in correct tourist behaviour is not the only thing which strikes the foreigner in Yalta. As soon as the train pulls into the station, you notice that Soviet holidaymakers are divided into two groups: those who go direct to their hotels, and those (the majority) who put their bags in the Left Lugagge and set out to look for a bed.

The existence of this latter group is new. Russia is still proud of the fact that, having nationalised the grand hotels and villas once reserved for the aristocracy, the Soviet state now provides luxurious holidays for simple workers on the Black Sea Riviera or the Caucasian resorts. But the growth of the working class has long outpaced the rate at which such holiday centres have been built. Hence only a few lucky ones (about one worker in four) get their *poutievka* (holiday ticket) in any one year. The rest just hope their turn will come and pass their holidays at home.

Or they did until recently. Now things are changing. The rise in living standards and the relaxation of travel regulations (at one time it was virtually impossible to buy a railway ticket in Moscow without giving reasons for your journey) have produced the rapid growth of an entirely new industry: the tourist trade. Today, every resort is crowded with holidaymakers called 'savages' – to distinguish them from those who have got a *poutievka*. They come by themselves and make their own arrangements, on the spot, to board and lodge with local people. Nobody knows exactly how many of them there are: perhaps twice or even three times as many as the 'official' holidaymakers.

This craze for holidays has created another new category: the campers. They even have their own song: 'Leave the rest-houses for the crocks and, just for the fun of it – to hell with comfort!' The campers themselves are divided into two types. Some are members of one of the 70 campers' clubs: these run about a hundred centres where you can hire equipment and book your place from among two hundred camping sites. Prices are low: two-and-a-half roubles, or less than two shillings, to hire a tent for 24 hours. At the sites there are trained camping-instructors. But Moscow, for instance, has 5 million inhabitants and only eight sites. Granted, not everyone wants to camp, but even so the number of sites is pitifully small. Hence, many holidaymakers just plunge off under their own steam.

Hotels or motels are rare indeed in the provinces. *Krokodil*, which recently published a special issue on holidays, reports the following exchange between a traveller from Moscow and a provincial hall-porter: 'Have you a room to let, by any chance?' 'And if I said I had, would you believe me?' Camping sites, however, do let in 'unofficial' campers, if there is room. The rates are unofficial and vary from region to region. Near Kursk, for instance, they charge ten roubles for a bed, and the use of glasses, forks and everything else is 'extra'. According to *Krokodil*, the manager of this camp is considering adding an extra charge next year for the local nightingales, which at present are free.

In any case, going on holiday is now the big talking-point in Moscow. As in other, wealthier countries, crises in the Congo and Cuba have to fight hard for people's attention during the dog days. Moreover, it is on this subject that the outsider can most easily make contact with ordinary Russians, who often avoid political subjects – and, incidentally, gather some useful hints for his own journeyings in Russia.

Once the foreigner has fixed on his route, he must go to Intourist for his tickets and bookings. This takes time, but outside the specifically banned areas, there are few restrictions on travel. It is, however, foolish in the extreme for a stranger to try and imitate the 'savages' and strike out on his own. Russians like foreigners, but they take pride in being 'vigilant'; authority is hyper-suspicious of western tourists who stray from the beaten track. One breach of the regulations and the foreigner is in serious trouble, facing, if not prison, at least immediate expulsion. Recent incidents should have rammed this point home.

The Soviet press has also been giving prominence to a number of less grave charges against foreign tourists. Mr Tigre, an American chemist, is alleged to have broken the windows in his hotel room and, despite the evidence of a militiaman, refused to admit his guilt and pay for the damage. Herr Helmutt Kererer, from West Germany, took too close an interest in the industrial landscape and was caught red-handed by two Soviet workers who found him taking snaps of their factory. Mr Nevel, a Canadian, used his water-bottle in his room at Yalta for an unmentionable purpose, according to the maid.

A western reader may find it odd that the Soviet press gives such prominence to pettifogging incidents of this type, and underlines them with such thunderingly severe judgments. It's only fair to add, therefore, that the papers, while exhorting citizens to be ever-vigilant and prudent in their dealings with foreigners, constantly insist on the need for more exchanges with the West and emphasise that the few 'ill-behaved' visitors are only an insignificant minority. They are unanimous in wanting Russia to become a major tourist centre, as much for foreigners as for Russians themselves. The 1960 season indicates that this day is coming – fast.

Bold but Sound

RALPH MILIBAND

As might have been expected, the government's decision to abolish the House of Commons has caused a certain stir, by no means confined to political circles. Not unnaturally, the leader of the Opposition has made it clear that, to use his own words, he takes a rather dim view of the government's move; and he has even asked that a debate be arranged.

It would be idle to deny that there is much in this bold measure which is bound to be controversial. But sober reflection immediately suggests that it is a measure well in tune with the needs of our time, and one that will commend itself to all right-thinking people.

It is of course true, as one senior minister has said, that the abolition of the House of Commons is only a logical extension of the summer recess. Much more important, however, is the fact, upon which the Prime Minister has rightly insisted, that the burdens of office have become intolerably heavy for *all* Ministers. The addition of parliamentary duties to these burdens has come to pose a major threat to sound administration.

Even so, the argument might have carried less weight had it been possible to show that the House of Commons still fulfils important functions. But this, it has long been evident, is not the case. Its criticism of the government has too often been ill-informed and marked by a deplorable measure of rancorous irresponsibility. Debates there have long ceased, mercifully, to influence government policy and, in any case, many of the most important decisions are now taken by supranational bodies, such as Nato, loyalty to which is rightly above partisan debate.

The public relations firms, which have come to play so valuable a part in our system of government, fulfil, not one function as is often believed, but two. Not only do they provide explanations of minister's actions which the ordinary citizen, left to himself,

VICKY IN AMERICA: II

'Gee Honey, Look—a Pedestrian!'

would certainly not have thought of; they may also be relied upon to let Ministers know 'what the public will not stand'. In conjunction with public opinion polls, they will provide a barometer of public opinion and public reactions very much more precise than the House of Commons could ever hope to be. Furthermore, the Prime Minister's generous promise that either he or one of his colleagues would submit once a week to searching (but informed) criticism on a special non-party television programme should reassure most doubters.

But the government has made other concessions to ancient prejudices. Indeed, it has gone further than might have been deemed wise. However, it is much to be hoped that the leader of the Opposition will accept the Prime Minister's offer of a seat in the Cabinet for himself and two of his colleagues, whom he will be able to select. And the suggestion that the holders of these posts (which will carry a salary of £5,000 a year) should be called 'Ministers-in-Opposition' shows characteristic dash and ingenuity.

The government has also decided that general elections should continue to be held. The argument, it is understood, finally prevailed in the Cabinet that the British people would not lightly suffer an abdication of their democratic rights, nor would they easily forgo a contest which has always awoken a deep echo in our sporting race. General elections will still determine the complexion of the government. But elected members will at once become county councillors, and will thus add much strength to local authorities – the true focus of a vigorous democracy.

Finally, and most important of all, the House of Lords, suitably reinforced with the right kind of life peers, will continue to provide judicious and impartial counsel to the government. It will scrutinise and discuss government bills; but the volume of such bills will no doubt be much reduced by the government's decision to make much greater use of orders-in-council.

Unlike the leader of the Opposition, whose measured criticism deserves respect if not agreement, some extreme members of the Labour Party, archaic and reactionary in this as in all else, have responded to the government's decisions with typical irresponsibility. Once again, the so-called Left has shown its utter disregard for the country's true interests. Happily, its shrill clamour will be drowned in the welcome which has been accorded to the government's proposals by men whose sound judgment and vast experience will command general respect.

Signs of the Times

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Havant, just before D-Day, was a transit station for tanks on their way for embarkation at Portsmouth. Each evening tanks lumbered dustily on to the grass verges and, after a quick survey of any damage from the day's journey on hard roads, their crews hung out for the mechanics and storekeepers who would soon pass along the lines notices which used to read something like this:

5 sprockets
2 vehicle-actuated rotators (Mark II)
3 self-adjusting cam-shafts
1 blonde.

The habit of writing off-beat notices has persisted long after the war. Only last week I saw a Rural District Council road sign which read:

Waterperry Village
Horticultural College
Girls – attractive

– the last line of which, in neat official letters, could have been added by undergraduates from neighbouring Oxford, but is more likely, the locals think, to have been the work of the Horticultural College girls themselves. This, however, is just larking about, as was the East Kent Transport Services' Bus Stop sign which a friend of mine found this month at the top of Window Buttress, a stiff rock-climb in the Cuillin hills. What is more surprising is the spread of facetiousness into official notices. It is rare, nowadays, to find the straightforward Ladies in a pub. It is Powder Room at the best. Sometimes its a neatly painted high-heeled shoe on the door. At the worst it's Yes, Girls! One landlord I know fills his Saloon with such warnings as Do not leave your Stool until the Bar has stopped Moving and, on a low beam, Duck or Grouse.

The signs are changing, too, outside the pub field. Before the war, public notices, almost invariably, were short. Slow, we were told, or No Parking. They were rude. Keep off the Grass . . . Do Not Spit . . . Keep Out . . . There was never a 'please' among them. Indeed if they were lengthened at all it was only for some additional rudeness such as Keep Out – This Means YOU. Above all, they were threatening. Beware of the Bull. Trespassers will be Prosecuted. More intimidating still were the metal-cast notices favoured by railway companies whose message, possibly about crossing the line by the footbridge, was in indecipherably small type but which concluded with the ominous words By Order, in type which all could read. I seldom stepped on to a platform without the feeling that this was the gateway to gaol. Company's Regulations and Conditions. Penalty £5. Company's Bye-laws. Fine not exceeding 40s. – even that trace of mercy did not soothe me.

Nowadays the signs are less terse and tend to be less minatory. No Litter is giving way to Help to Keep London Tidy, and Slow Down is giving way to Bolton Welcomes Careful Drivers. Such accessions of politeness are pleasing. But can anything be said for the new trend towards facetiousness?

One landlord tells me that a sizeable part of his profits used to go in replacing glasses. His losses have been halved, however, since he put up the notice:

If you need glasses,
Don't take ours,
See an optician.

He also tells me that ladies who previously had always refused to sit anywhere near the door marked Gents now sip their drinks quite happily outside the door newly marked Yer Tis, Boys. So somebody likes this sort of thing and even finds it useful; but I still prefer Keep Off to If You Can Read This You're Too Damn Close and I would rather not park at all than obey a sign which asked me to Park Prettily. That, at any rate, is what I say, though last week I filled up at a garage just because the sign said Delicious Petrol.

I suppose it's no more ridiculous than talking about My Right Honourable Friend or the Honourable and Gallant Gentleman.

Note for next week selected programmes from

GRANADALAND

ITV Monday 22 August, 6.10

WHO GOES NEXT?

CROSSMAN, MUGGERIDGE
FLETCHER-COOKE

Views on the news of the day

ITV Monday 22 August
and Wednesday 24 August, 7.30

CRISS CROSS QUIZ

The popular general knowledge game

ITV Wednesday 24 August, 5.00

WEB OF LIFE

with Dr. Ian McTaggart Cowan
Head of the Department of Zoology,
University of British Columbia.

ITV Friday 26 August, 9.35

ON TRIAL

The charge is abduction in
Victorian England

ITV Friday 26 August, 10.35

IN MY OPINION

How good at detection are
Anthony Wedgwood Benn M.P.
Jenny Nasmyth and Alex Atkinson?

GRANADA TV NETWORK

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Venezia – Incurabili 401

REYNER BANHAM

It becomes increasingly vacuous to speak of any 'real' or 'other' Venice – Ruskin's, Corvo's, Mann's, even that of *Eustace and Hilda* are figments of literary memory. The real, the living Venice, is the new tourists' Venice – no longer dedicated to cultural snobs and moneyed slobs, but to the affluent junior-executive family. In the piazzetta the blond intelligent children outnumber the pigeons; maternity dresses are worn, Swiss shirts and sub-Ivy shoes. It is one of the great shrines of Volkswagen-Europa.

All this makes the problem of any architect building in Venice that much worse. The new tourists are too darned smart, too well-informed. They know what Venice ought to look like, and there'll be trouble if it doesn't. On the other hand, they aren't going to put up with any smell on the landing, even at motel prices. Now, except to very rare geniuses, these two demands are incompatible architecturally. Normal mid-century standards of accommodation are not possible between the floor-heights, behind the window patterns, within the block forms, of the *architettura minore* of the lagoons.

But it is open to genius and non-genius alike to try and find a way round. Venice is not hostile to modern architecture; the Frank Lloyd Wright affair has been misconstrued. His design was rejected for four overwhelmingly good reasons (given the time and place): no modern building would be tolerable *on that site* (very conspicuous on a bend in Canalozzo); it wasn't a modern building anyhow; it wasn't a very good building either; and – the clincher – its architect was an American.

Remove these four objections and you have, for instance, a cluster of modernish government offices near the celebrated traffic-light on Pantalon, and a modish *Casa di Risparmio* along towards the Thalassographic Institute, all exposed frame and tricksy window patterns. All this passes practically without comment. What does excite comment, some of it ecstatic, is Ignazio Gardella's apartment block at 401 on the Zatare dei Incurabili.

The site, slap next to Santospirito and dead opposite the Redentore, is almost as conspicuous as one on Canalozzo would be. Worse, the Zatare (and the building line) both make a slight bend, right in the middle of the frontage of the site, and that bend is critical for the townscape character of about 200 yards of Zatare on either side. The demands of the site are such that the average 'convinced' modernist wouldn't even notice them, but insist on putting up a building 'of our own time'. But Gardella is not a convinced modernist. He is ranked among the leading *Baroni Rampanti del Movimento Moderno*, those who built modern in the past (Gardella's work of the Thirties is comparable to Terragni's) but have gone native since in order to 'be themselves'.

In Gardella's case this is not as disastrous as with some others. It has enabled him to make space for manoeuvre, and develop a manipulative empirical approach that allows him to do things that 'convinced modernists' couldn't be seen dead doing – such as playing at facades. The key decision at 401 was to make a facade, a building two rooms deep and frontalised on to the Zatare, following its bent line, but with a tadpole tail of miscellaneous outline down the Calle Zucchero at the side, to give a total plan that is quite un-Venetian but workable by current standards.

But it is the front block that matters, because – at a distance of 100 yards away across the water – it becomes invisible, just part of Venice. In this it is an unqualified, overwhelming success. It is the kind of success of which an English town-planning committee feels dimly cheated when it turns down a design for not being 'in keeping with its surroundings' – and will go on being cheated while town-planning committees dimly go on imagining that 'keeping' is a matter of detailed style and building lines.

Not one detail of 401 is Venetian, and it is also – by town-planning committee standards – too tall. But it doesn't look too tall, it doesn't look un-Venetian. The success of the operation appears to depend on two separate but interlocked manoeuvres. One is the overall composition of the facade. It has a basement of neatly dressed white marble, above which the walls are plastered a darker red than the traditional 'Palazzo pink'. On this surface tall narrow windows are distributed in a seemingly irregular pattern – though seldom was irregularity quite as seeming as here – and this pattern is partly counterpointed, partly veiled by a fuzz of equally irregular-looking white balconies.

The highest balcony forms a continuous pie-frill right round the building, level with the top of Santospirito's pediment. The floor above is set back slightly all round, and this looks like an added penthouse, giving the impression that 401 is not 'really' higher than the church. This particular relationship is further craftily confused by having a recessed wing, only as high as the base of the pediment, between the two buildings. This looks unimportant (as if it were only stairs or servants, but in fact contains two-room flats) and makes the new work appear to start eleven feet to the left of the church and not slap up against it.

In addition, the newness and unity of the new unit are further depreciated by the fact that it follows the original building-line on plan, and, at the point where it bends, there is a slight interruption of the window pattern right up the front, and this line is also respected by most of the balconies. The result is to introduce the suggestion that the whole thing is a conversion of two earlier buildings and not one new one.

But this particular piece of deception wouldn't work without the other basic manoeuvre – the choice of details. None of these is 'modern', but all are original. On the other hand, all are related to the vernacular architecture of somewhere (but not Venice). Vicentine folding shutters cover windows of a tall, narrow, vaguely traditional form; in places the walls are pierced by runs or grids of diamond-shaped openings such as ventilate barns in various parts of northern Italy; the slotting of the balcony fronts has been traced to Friuli or Cadore (loosely) but in any case these are in marble slabs, the 'originals' in wood. All these, having character but no style, give the effect of a vernacular, thus reinforcing the effect of a conversion-job.

Yet such disparate elements don't automatically add up to the mute authority of a vernacular. That they do, is a witness to a determined system of congruences running through all the details. The angling of the bottoms of slots in the balconies is the same as the angles of the diamond-shaped openings. The windows, far from being irregular, are all the same width, sometimes in singletons, pairs or runs of fours or fives; they come in only two heights and if one is out of line with those above or below, it is always exactly half a width out.

Rarely, I should say, has so much immensely sophisticated skill been concentrated on the self-denying proposition of making itself invisible, but it succeeds. Or does it? Why the heck am I describing it in such detail if it isn't noticeable? Wouldn't it be better to keep quiet about it? Answer: No; on two counts. The first is that attention *needs* to be drawn to it in order that town-planners and architects concerned with places like York, Chester, Plymouth Barbican and so forth, shall go and see it, understand it, and stop making the mistakes they seem determined to make at present.

The other is that all this discussion of invisibility is concerned with ranges of over 100 yards. Walking along the Zatare you *do* notice it, even if you aren't looking for it, even if – to judge by some pointing, arguing and hurried focusing of Leicas and Rolleiflexes – you don't know it exists and don't know what it is. You notice the too-white marble, the too-crisp cutting of the edges, and the surprising diamond-shaped windows. And having stopped and looked at it you discover that while it is not modern, it is not an inflatable plastic Ca d'Oro either. I reckon the smart, well-briefed junior executives will like that.

Young Players

A. ALVAREZ

Each year Michael Croft performs something of a miracle with his Youth Theatre: he takes actors whose only experience is, with few exceptions, the school stage; he fills out the crowd scenes with young people with no experience whatsoever, whose only qualification is enthusiasm; he rehearses the lot for a drastically short time; and out of this he mounts a first-rate Shakespearean production.

The power behind the miracle is, I think, quite simply that Croft cares enormously about Shakespeare. Consequently, he does not feel he has to excuse his production in the usual fashionable ways: he doesn't hack the text to shreds and then patch together what's left with irrelevant spectacle; he doesn't insist that every famous line be reinterpreted to make it sound as though it were something utterly new; he doesn't browbeat the poor Bard with endless gimmicks. He simply lets Shakespeare do the work. That is, he makes sure the poetry comes over clearly and intelligently, that the stage is as unobstructed as possible, and that there is only business enough to reinforce the action but not obscure it. The result is invariably a production in which, whatever the limitations of the performers, no one tries to steal attention from the play itself.

This year, at the Queen's, he has staged *Julius Caesar* in modern dress, which is, to my knowledge, as near as he has ever come to a gimmick. But the costumes get in the way of this play not at all—once the over-extended jive-session at the start is done with. On the contrary, the steel-helmets and the truncheons,

the painting of the Leader, the Chief of Police in dark glasses, the leather-jacketed Teds, with their flick-knives, who murder Cinna the Poet, all create an atmosphere of known terrorism, brutality and corruption in which the Shakespearean politics thrive as powerfully as ever. The *human* depth of the political analysis may suffer when translated into the crude black-and-white terms of contemporary politics—Brutus becomes more a misguided good chap than a tragically corrupted figure, like an enemy general in somebody's war memoirs. But the Youth Theatre at least put across strongly the urgency of the play. They make it sound as though it mattered.

Technically, they are still unpolished, and the big dramatic moments, such as the storm or the killing of Caesar, relatively suffered for it (relative I mean, to the rest of the production; they were still a good deal more convincing than, say, *Henry V in Battledress*). The leading actors, too, spoke with more aplomb than they acted. Alan Allkins as Cassius, David Weston as an extraordinarily powerful Mark Antony, and Neil Stacy as Brutus all spoke their verse with splendid assurance. But Allkins registered emotions facially like a villain of the silent screen; Weston, when not actually speaking, registered almost nothing; and Stacy spoilt the dignity of his speech by standing as though he were permanently wearing a bustle. Peter March was a good sinister Casca and the producer's handling of the crowds during the funeral speeches was brilliant.

But all in all, age and experience were neither here nor there. By any standards, this was an excellent Shakespearean production. It is a pity that a producer of Michael Croft's integrity and distinction can't be given more official recognition. The Old Vic might be a vastly different company if he were able to work with it.

No Ecstasies

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Apart from a Dreadful Warning against Dope, there is nothing except three French films to take us out of our routine into theirs. *La Main Chaude*, Gala-titled *Eternal Ecstasy*, turns out to be a flat version of the chain idea in *La Ronde:* here, sexual relationships accomplish the transfer of a wad of notes from hand to hand, the flabby seducer of ageing widows handing it on to his young mistress, who has a young lover, who etc., etc. There's some nicety in these shady dealings, which begin and end in a cat home. I liked the silly woman willing to part with money at the thought of the nice new love-life; the deceiver himself deceived, plunging amorously into a swimming pool, though he couldn't swim; the abject ironies, middle-aged sprees, callous youth. But the whole thing is so mild! It should deliver a smack in the face, not start a yawn. Or else, as in that artificiality of Ophuls from which it sprang, it should glitter and spin and dizzy with charm and spice. At the Gala Royal you will find Alfred Adam soft-pedalling his dubious role, a new waif-like blonde appeal from Macha Meril. Gérard Oury directed.

In the double bill at the Cameo-Royal there are new-wave splashes and a becalmed old order. The first belong to Alex Joffé's *The Fanatics*, starting with a newsreel *hors d'oeuvre* in which revolution overturns trams, drags the fallen dictator in the gutter, wheels tanks, crumbles senate-houses; but when this is over the tone changes to an orthodox and not too well managed thriller. Will the assassin sacrifice 40 innocent people in order to blow up the Dictator returning by plane to South America? A drama of conscience is involved; but neither this nor the mechanics of plotting carries much conviction. Pierre Fresnay plays an unsaintly role with inflexibility and dark glasses. Our consolation is a photography hankering after something more.

The Girl and the River, situated colourfully about the damming of the Durance over four years, loses much of its beauty and insistence by divagating into a peasant story devised by Jean Giono. These bucolics were more fruitily done in their day by Pagnol. Here they irritatingly boot out our interest in the real drama of drowned village and of river tamed.

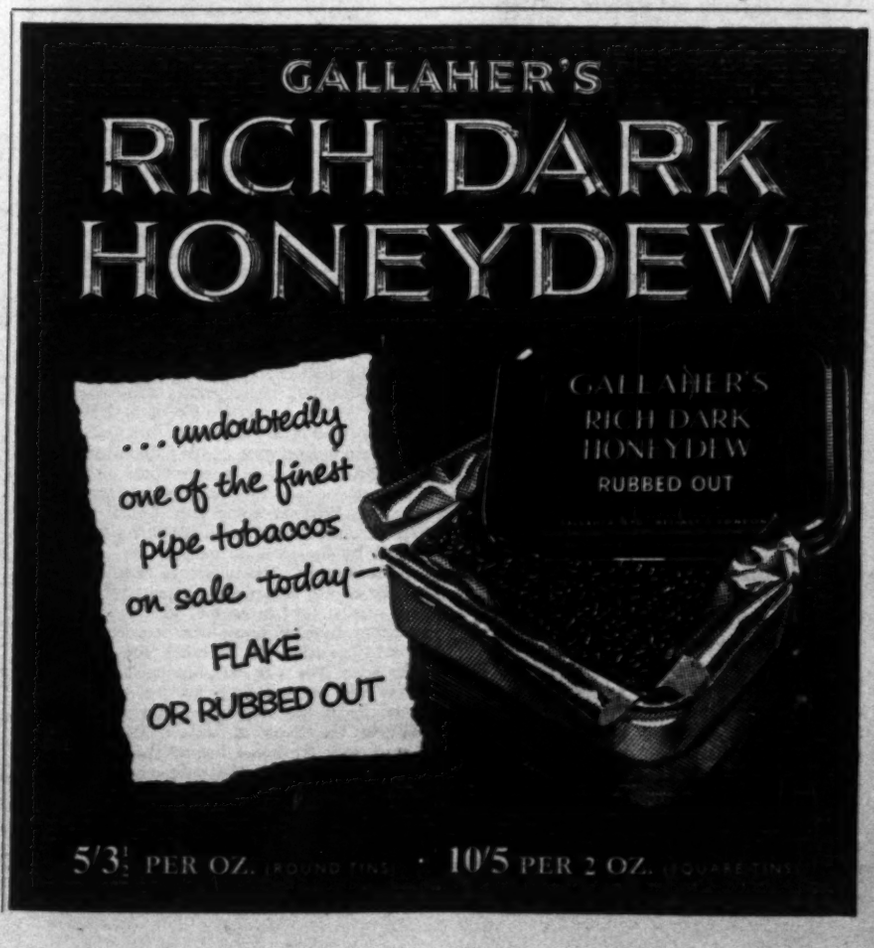
Africa Dances

ANNABEL FARJEON

In the new company of native African dancing, Ballets Africains, which has just begun a three weeks season at the Piccadilly, the technical skill of the dancers is not great, nor are the drum rhythms as subtle or complicated as many I have heard. For amusement we therefore rely a great deal on the personalities of the dancers, on the skill with which they present themselves, rather than their art. These Guinea artists, like most Negroes, are refreshingly uninhibited performers; their expansive natures make us spontaneously sympathetic to their vivid emotions. The musical numbers combine gentle flutes and twanging instruments with harsh voices and drums and are especially intriguing; but it is the acting ability of this company that is most exciting. There is a short story, danced, sung and spoken, in which a girl's lover is dragged away and shot by the police in the middle of his wedding. The girl then goes quietly into the jungle, suddenly throws herself on the ground and rolls back and forth at a terrific speed, uttering the most heart-rending cries I have ever heard on the stage. This kind of drama, and the scenes of forced labour, could easily be boring were it not for the amazing power of agony these dancers convey. There is also a good selection of fetish dances, with wooden masks, whose concave faces and tent-like cascades of straw coloured grass make their wild movement irresistibly attractive and frightening. The company has variety and vitality: it is not dull.

The Royal Ballet is having a few final weeks at Covent Garden before setting off on its long American tour. Their programme of comedy and drama, which includes *Pineapple Poll*, *Blood Wedding* and *Sweeney Todd*, is rather good, the latter work only having been seen in the provinces so far. John Cranko has pulled this ballet together considerably, and there is no doubt that once on to the subject of cannibalism he becomes a little inspired. The jokes are traditional: British policemen, drunkenness, Victorian moustaches and morality; but they are all so neatly, so agreeably mixed with the gruesome details of the Demon Barber's trade in bodies, not beards, that they gain fresh charm. The cast is irreproachable.

It is interesting to see that the men of the Royal Ballet are at last gaining some ascendancy, for, as a group, they are now far more interesting to watch than the girls. In *Pine-*



apple Poll these girls, including Poll herself, make no attempt at characterisation, while the male side is entirely individual and often very humorous. The girls are still intent on looking and behaving nicely. But it is a great advance if the male corps has got over its suburban refinement.

Fireside Opera

DAVID DREW

In theory, Stravinsky's and Ramuz's *The Soldier's Tale* is almost ideal for television. It cultivates informality most formally, it is modest in scale yet large in scope, and above all it maintains that direct *personal* contact between viewer and viewed which is the essence of good television. A performance of *The Soldier's Tale* in one's own home is at least an imaginable possibility: a performance of, say, *Carmen* is not. Charles Rogers's direction for TV of Colin Graham's New Opera Company production of *The Soldier's Tale* had a taut visual unity and rightly gave the orchestra their proper place as 'performers' in the drama. Gordon Jackson's performance of the difficult narrator's part was often brilliant; the chastened tone with which he sent the Soldier on his second weary march in the early part of the work was exactly right.

But the final result was not altogether satisfactory, even allowing for the rather rough handling of Stravinsky's score. Admittedly, the musico-dramatic shape of the work itself is not perfect – the uneven and in some cases arbitrary distribution of the music in the two parts makes it very difficult to establish a real rhythm, and Ramuz's text, though interestingly conceived, does not always hold the attention. But it is quite fatal to attempt to adjust the balance either by cutting some of the music or by speeding up the words and action. The informality of the work can only make its point through the most purposeful leisureliness. The way in which the television production rushed the Great Chorale struck at the very heart of the work and virtually destroyed its finest integration of words and music. As for the savage cutting of the music of the Little Concert, comment is hardly necessary. Yet in the circumstances much can be forgiven, and by and large the production sets a fine precedent.

Welsh Fun

RONALD HAYMAN

Gwyn Thomas's *The Keep* is an extraordinary play. There is nothing extraordinary about the characters or the situation, and the twists in the story are as ordinary as the parlour set, but it is extraordinary that dialogue should be able to make nearly the whole of an audience laugh as much as Gwyn Thomas's dialogue did at the Royal Court on Sunday evening. Occasionally – if only in the third act – there are moments which are visually funny. An amateur conductor rehearses with his baton in front of a mirror, smiling blissfully because he imagines that he is facing a choir of 80 virgins. But most of the humour is purely verbal. People make remarks like 'Honest, Con, with your lack of taste you could be a leader of nations,' or 'Sex, my lad, has never been a trouble to me ever since I heard Mr Morley Morris, the missionary, explaining what happened to the more incontinent lechers in Borneo.' Or they tell each other stories about falling down the steps of a public convenience wearing sandwich-boards or about a woman who teaches her parrot to sing the Temperance song 'Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.' It hardly matters at all who says what to whom at which stage in the story. It is enough that things like this are being said all the time.

I was expecting that the Law of Diminishing Returns would start to work on the laughter these jokes were getting, but the second act was every bit as funny as the first and parts of the third were even funnier. Yet though the humour was getting woven a bit more closely into the plot by then, it was sometimes difficult to know whether we were meant to be caring about what happened to the characters. Jessie Evans in particular gave us moments which suggested that we were, and I don't think the producer (Graham Crowden) was wrong in allowing her to. The trouble was in the way the satire tended to merge the people into the place. Everything they say helps to build up very clearly the fusty atmosphere of a small Welsh town where the only recreations are chapel religion, choir practice and gossip. But Gwyn Thomas seems to be writing too much from inside what he is satirising. And so many of the lines have a pin-prick in their tails that it's not just a rhetorical way of speaking which gets deflated – the characters rarely, if ever, have the chance of blowing themselves up to any size.

When Joan Littlewood produced *You Won't Always be on Top* for Theatre Workshop, there was a real cement-mixer on stage, which stole all the notices. There is no room for a cement-mixer at Unity, but there was a good set which managed to suggest a building-site with scaffolding and a waterlogged trench, even though one side of the stage had to represent the inside of a shed. The play would be better if it were more genuinely concerned with showing what life is like for the builder, but there is a good deal of comedy in it and this production wasted none of it. With a cast of 18 men and at least half of them on stage most of the time, it is far from easy for an amateur group, but it was well cast and well produced by Frank Gold. Perhaps the first act could have gone a bit faster, but there was relatively little masking and the songs were particularly well handled – without holding up the action and without letting it distract from the singer.

Correspondence

THE NOISE MENACE

SIR – In Mr Rolph's interesting article on the noise problem he refers to the 'high-pitched' hum in Kent. Two points must be made about this: it is not high-pitched, it is very low-pitched, something between 14 and 20 cycles per second; and it is not confined to Kent but, as we now know, is heard in certain places all round the coast and in other parts of England.

As I have for over a year been watching someone's health destroyed by sleeplessness owing to this noise; and have been dealing with hundreds of people from all over England who are in the same case, perhaps you will allow me to make one or two other points. We now have in this house approximately five cubic feet of correspondence on this subject, letters from individual sufferers, and letters to and from scientific and other bodies to which appeals for help have been made. We have no letters from the people who have been driven into lunatic asylums or suicide.

It will be realised that we have made some interesting discoveries about the human condition in an industrial, parliamentary democracy.

Since the number of people of both sexes and all ages who hear this noise amounts to not more than ten per cent of the population and not less than five, that is to a minority, it was first necessary to establish that the phenomenon is objective. Without going into details, I can say that it unquestionably is. Sufferers cannot be helped by the medical people: all the doctors can do is to give the sufferer a certificate saying that he or she is (a) sane; (b) not suffering from head-noises; (c) has normal hearing which may be better than or worse than average, but is in no way peculiar. As to relief, the doctors can offer none. The wax ear-plugs used by people in towns who cannot sleep because of traffic and other noise, do not help. This is apparently because vibrations of certain frequencies are 'heard' with the bones behind the ear, and even by the whole body. The only other thing medicine can offer is sleeping drugs: I have watched the effects of these: they are obviously injurious to general health, they are habit-forming, and they are only partly effective, the milder ones frequently having no soporific effect at all.

Very curious indeed is the attitude of scientific bodies and of individual scientists to this problem. If I give just one instance of the kind of thing I mean, it may be taken as typical. We wrote to ask the National Physical Laboratory for help. They replied that if they gave help it would be costly; a preliminary investigation would cost about £100. By that time we were getting desperate and agreed to pay that. We then received a letter from a scientist in the civil service making an extraordinarily kind offer: in order that we might not have to spend our money for nothing, he would come to us for a night without any charge, with some borrowed apparatus, and see whether he could detect anything which would justify a full investigation. He came and did that; got a negative result; and advised the principal sufferer in this household that she needed a long rest – implying that she was 'hearing things'. It was only many months later that we discovered, when we 'inherited' the enormous correspondent files of a barrister who had devoted many years of his life and thousands of pounds to investigating this health-destroying nuisance, that the scientist in question seemed to have known all about this noise years ago. We were therefore led to wonder whether by chance we had strayed into a field covered by that sinister entity which can be used so effectively to neutralise freedom – 'security'.

The citizen in Britain has two representative bodies to which he can appeal for help: the local authority and the House of Commons. The Kent County Council have simply stalled. A committee is said to be seized of this problem, but claims that there is nothing it can do. As to the House of Commons, we are fortunate in our MP, Mr William Deedes, who, despite his politics, is a kind, hard-working, very conscientious and sympathetic representative. He has done all in his power to get some help or some action of some kind from the government. Unfortunately, the Minister he had to deal with was Lord Hailsham, who, of course, ought not to be in the government at all since, by being in the Lords, he cannot be publicly questioned. His stooge in the Commons is Sir David Eccles, an expert at the smooth brush-off. In short, there is no way short of insurrectionary violence whereby a citizen can move the government to action. Nothing has changed in this respect since pre-Reform Act times. The Norman peasant, with

the *Haro*, could at least appeal – *'A moi, mon prince, on me fait tort!'* No such remedy is left to us.

What it comes to is this: either a military or an industrial device on a very large scale is being used which produces as a side effect this phenomenon destructive to the rest of, at a low estimate, two million people. There is no scientific body able and willing to find out what it is without regard to vested interest, because there is no scientific body independent of government or industry and in a position to disregard the powers that be. There is no body for the prevention of cruelty to citizens – the Noise Abatement League is quite ineffectual and very timid – able to act. Of course, sufferers could be organised into a union, the one and only kind of body capable of commanding attention and respect because capable of economic force. But such organisation would cost a great deal of money and a great deal of time.

Naturally, suggestions about the cause of this persecuting phenomenon have been very numerous, from the dotty – flying saucers, sputniks, personal auras – to the highly intelligent. We have been able, with the ready and sympathetic help of the engineers concerned, to eliminate a number of possibilities: the noise has nothing to do with telephone wires, water-mains, nor, probably, with high-tension power lines. The most interesting suggestion and one which we have not yet been able to dismiss, is that a combination of very powerful radar beams pulsed at audio frequencies, and a phenomenon known to BBC engineers as 'the drain pipe effect', is rendering radar beams audible to a minority of people. If that sounds improbable, I can only say that the whole thing is improbable.

The object of this letter is simple: can anyone suggest what we ought to do next – short of emigrating?

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash
Canterbury
Kent

A NEW WAY INTO THE MIND

SIR, – I am a business executive in my thirties. Last year, on recommendation, I decided to undergo a course of treatment with LSD 25 for the unaccountable anxiety and depression from which I had been suffering for years.

I began to obtain release from tension almost immediately and when I had finished the course I was, and still am, completely free from my previous difficulties. An added benefit has been that I can now work considerably more effectively than I could before.

I am employed by a large international organisation, so you will, I am sure, appreciate why I sign myself merely,

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Mayfair

Sir, – LSD has been available for some time, yet there is still not enough work published to make even a preliminary assessment of its value in psychotherapy. To anyone with clinical experience of the drug, this is remarkable. Whatever else it is certainly interesting in its effects; and our results with ordinary psychotherapy alone are far from dazzling. I would say your contributor was a little sanguine, but if public interest results in a speed-up of research, he will have done no harm.

Perhaps it is left-wing paranoia, but one wonders whether the caginess of official secrecy is settling over the subject. The American Army has recently sought an appropriation for stockpiling large quantities. The drug is effective in tiny dosage; quite a modest contamination of water supplies could leave a whole population passively contemplating its infantile experience. The hope of the world perhaps; if only one could be sure the man with the button got his dose too.

NICOLAS MALLESON

106 Clifton Hill, NW8

LABOUR'S CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

Sir, – Mr T. E. M. McKitterick wrote to you last week to tell you that he is 'intensely worried' by 'the attempt now being made by some people to arrogate to the constituency parties powers that they have not traditionally exercised'.

What on earth is he talking about? Who are these people who are supposed to have made this attempt? When, and in what form, was it made? In fact the pointless and damaging controversy about the Party Constitution was started not by the rank-and-file in the Constituency Labour Parties but by Mr McKitterick's 'revisionist' friends who sought to *reduce* the powers and rights of the constituency parties. (They are, of course, the same people who started the equally pointless and damaging controversy about Clause Four and then ignominiously hauled down their colours.)

The CLP members, unlike some of our leaders, were too sensible to seek any closer definition of the relationship between Conference and the Parliamentary Party than the very vague one which, though it may harrow the tidy minds of the pedants, has served our purpose for a long time. But now that their rights are being directly attacked, nobody can blame them for trying to stand up for themselves.

I suppose an ordinary rank-and-file Party member like me ought to be grateful to Mr McKitterick for assembling in the *Political Quarterly* a galaxy of talented gentlemen to tell the Labour Party how to cure its ills. But my gratitude to these doctors is impaired by the fact that the disease for which they prescribe is largely of their own making.

IAN MIKARDO

Palace Chambers
Bridge Street, SW1

FILM CENSORSHIP

Sir, – Where does the point of final tolerance of the average cinemagoer lie? A few years ago the Censor's guess was as good as anyone's and it was impossible to argue effectively that a cut scene would *not* have offended the bulk of the patrons had it been shown. But since television became a national habit it has provided a very handy and accurate yardstick on public susceptibility. What is shown on television without arousing a general storm of protest can surely be said to be inoffensive to public taste.

As it is we have the ludicrous situation in which the Censor cuts even from 'X' certificate films, scenes and words which go out nightly on television without exciting any public disapproval. This applies not only to violence, but realistic dialogue, trial scenes, social commentaries – in fact the whole range of a writer's creative field.

It is not only in relation to television that the Censor's policy seems weighted against British films. Because there is no written Code and the Censor's activities are largely shrouded in secrecy, this Guild has for some time been gathering examples of his policy so that we can see just how it operates in practice.

Some really bizarre reasoning has emerged. For example: to obtain an 'A' certificate rather than an 'X', a second feature dealing with juvenile crime in a sincere way, and – as the Censor himself admitted – having a strongly moral theme, was forced to lose the line: 'Sorry Mum, I've got to see a woman about her Big End, remember?' The boy speaking the line had already been established as a motor mechanic and at worst this could be classed as a rather weak joke. It was not worth the producer's time to jeopardise the whole film by fighting over something so comparatively trivial.

EATING EARTH

Do you care for your family? Are you proud of the care you lavish on them? Most people go to great lengths to see that the family is well fed and housed. That is as it should be.

And yet some of your family have been eating earth. They were starving. For four or five years nearly a quarter of a million Algerian refugees have been struggling for life on the borders of Tunisia and Morocco. U.N. observers state that about 85% of them are old people and children. They are the innocent victims of a most cruel war. We are not concerned with the affairs of the war but we must not blind ourselves to the dreadful horror which is being enacted.

A British M.P. recently visited the camps in Tunisia. He is an experienced observer and has seen poverty in many gross forms. He writes:—"They took me to what they called one of the 'best camps.' After five minutes I wanted to go away. I had seen such dreadful suffering, it was too much! People with bones going soft, hair falling out, bodies completely covered with sores. Children had to be carried about as the poor little bones would not support the bloated bodies."

His letter goes on, but surely we have written enough. Inquiry shows that most of the aid sent to these refugees has come from Iron Curtain countries. It is natural that they think the West has little interest in their suffering.

Our appeal is not on the grounds of politics. We are appealing because we believe that all the people of the world are of one family. Most of us say The Lord's Prayer. In it we confess that we are all children of one Father.

We plead that it is your family out there. In the agony of hunger they clutch at earth and swallow it in a vain attempt to end the pain. Please help us in our work of mercy!

Your gift will be forwarded without one penny of deduction. All our workers are voluntary and we have good friends bearing the costs. Your gift, large or small, will be received with gratitude by the Hon. Treasurer.

The Rt. Hon. JAMES GRIFFITHS, P.C., M.P.,
War on Want,
9, Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5.

Please cross your postal order or cheque, "Algerian Appeal."

War on Want desires to thank the generous people who made possible, in recent months, £13,000 for Agadir. To Algerian regroupment camps £12,100 and many other areas of distress. War on Want supports an Orphanage for 100 Algerian refugee boys near Tunis and we plan a Girls' Home. Your gifts could make this possible.

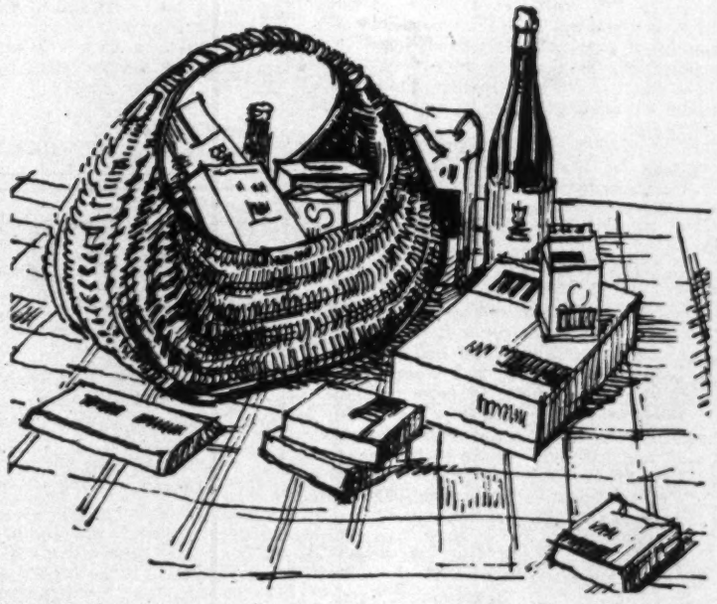
PAPER IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE · A REPORT FROM THE REED PAPER GROUP

How will paper keep its place in women's favour?

Women's spending power is of vital importance to the British paper industry—for women, who make up 51% of this country's population, buy directly or indirectly the major share of the industry's output.

How have women come to play such an important part in the paper industry? And will paper keep its place in their purchasing affections?

This article sets out to answer these questions.



WOMEN ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS FOR PAPER

Woman's two contrasting selves pose a problem for all her suitors, paper included. On the one hand, she is a firmly practical person. She is a housewife. Responsible for a large share of the household budget, she demands value from whatever she buys with it.

Yet she remains a feminine creature. She likes pretty things, gay things. She sets store by appearances—her own and that of her home, as well as the appearance of what she buys.

The industrialist knows this. When he woos her as a purchaser, as he does increasingly, he relies more and more on paper, because paper will appeal to both aspects of a woman's nature. Paper can be made gossamer fine; paper can be made tough and lasting. Paper will carry colour, to sing cheerful songs. Paper is a courtier, yet it possesses workaday virtues as well. Paper is versatile; and with all this it is inexpensive.

PAPER AS MOTHER'S HELP

Man, with all his ingenuity, has never invented anything to absorb time like a family

of small children. In the thick of all this, mothers are grateful to paper because paper provides them with essentially time-saving products. Soft, hygienic, *disposable* nappies and toilet tissues, towelling, table coverings —even cheap, disposable cups and plates for parties, picnics or emergency use: with these paper shows itself a firm ally of cleanliness and easy use. And paper has so far only scratched the surface of the possibilities in this particular field.

PAPER IS ON EVERY SHOPPING LIST

Every year housewives use large quantities of paper within the kitchen. Cakes are baked in waxed paper cups, sandwiches wrapped in greaseproof paper, hands and stoves wiped with paper towelling. The list will grow longer, as new uses, such as disposable sacks for kitchen waste, become more widespread.

But when the housewife unpacks her shopping basket there is one paper product she takes out more often than all the others: paper *packaging*. Paper provides the strong, inexpensive material that protects innumerable products. It is paper that puts the ever-growing array of household products into women's homes—in perfect condition.

Reed statistics show that, over the last ten years, the market for paper and board packaging products has increased by as much as 100%. It is confidently predicted that this expansion will continue.

PAPER MAKES A BRIGHTER HOME

Many of the prolific discoveries of science in recent years have been pressed into paper's service. Through them, paper has achieved new qualities—qualities that improve the material's efficiency in old uses, as well as create new ones.

Wallpaper is a case in point. Always the secret of a warm, cheerful room, wallpaper is right back in fashion. Wallpaper is now *washable*. Its good looks last, because paper has absorbed the materials and methods of other industries.

Sometimes paper links itself with other industries so well that it becomes hard to recognise. Who guesses that the bright, strong surfaces on modern kitchen furniture and sink-units are in fact layers of paper laminated with resin bonds?

PAPER MAKES A FULLER LIFE

Women's magazines are enjoying spectacular growth—a growth all the more remarkable in the face of vigorous competition from

television and radio. Every week millions of women select their particular favourites from the stack of gay, exciting covers.

Equally remarkable is the trivial price the women reader pays her newsagent for the wonderful store of information and entertainment within the covers. For a few pence she acquires a whole host of new ideas—products, recipes, dressmaking and decorating suggestions—as well as the heady stuff of Hollywood and romance.

That this weekly barrage of new ideas and fresh approaches is available to women so cheaply is largely due to the paper industry's development of an inexpensive paper to take high quality colour printing. Thanks to the paper industry, women in Britain enjoy better magazines for their money than anywhere else in the world.

SHE SHALL HAVE PAPER WHEREVER SHE GOES

Whichever one of her many varied lives a woman may be leading, paper enters into it. Paper is every bit as versatile as women

are themselves. Facial tissues in pastel shades sit on the dressing-table, strong paper containers play their part in the kitchen, magazines recharge the mind and imagination. In lots of little ways paper creates opportunities for women to express their personalities, with a multitude of wrapping papers, greeting cards, paper decorations, writing papers—the list is endless. Because paper can be, often simultaneously, both practical and attractive, it is above all suitable for feminine needs.

CAN PAPER KEEP WOMAN'S FAVOUR?

The Reed Paper Group is confident that it can. Paper's versatility, its practical advantages married to lively appearances, place it in a position of ever-growing strength in its appeal to women. Within the next decade we may well see paper combined with nylon and similar fibres to produce a whole new range of non-woven fabrics, of revolutionary use both in the home and industry.

The Group will play a vital part in making this bright future a reality. The Reed Economic Research Department keeps the Group well ahead of its customers' demands by forecasting future market trends. Its Technical Division is fully occupied in the development of new products and the improvements of existing ones. And these facilities are constantly being drawn on by manufacturers of all kinds. They help to solve the purely masculine problems of production and distribution, as well as those of selling successfully to women.

"TV—a blessing in disguise for Britain's paper industry?"
The Reed Paper Group sets out to answer this question in a further article in this series, appearing in this publication on October 15th.

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The second feature, however, eventually appeared in the same programme as an 'A' certificate first feature which contained this (uncut) line: '. . . get shot in the arse . . .' How, one wonders, could the first sentence be more offensive to the family audience so dear to the Censor's heart, than the second with its direct use of a word not yet wholly accepted in normal conversation?

That is only one example of the multitude of anomalies and whimsicalities which stem from the Censor's apparently haphazard policy. Another is the different standards he applies to foreign as opposed to British films. How far, for example, would *Suddenly Last Summer* have got towards production if it had been submitted by a comparatively unknown British screenwriter in script form?

Although there are dangers in a written Code, in this Guild's view the dangers of an ill-defined one are far greater.

If we accept the need for censorship at all this Guild feels: (1) it must be applied nationally, with equal standards for films, television, music hall, pop records and every form of public entertainment; (2) it must apply equal standards to British films and foreign imports; (3) there must be a court of appeal.

In respect of (3) we are considering approaching the BBFC and the two film producers' organisations with the idea of forming an arbitration committee, including writers and producers, who could, if necessary, override the Censor's cuts where they felt them to be unjustified.

LEIGH VANCE
Vice-Chairman

Television & Screenwriters Guild
7 Harley Street, W1

SIR, – I wonder how Mr Whitebait was informed about *The Teddy Boy?* It is nice to see a critic wielding his Sir Galahad pen in defence of a lady film-maker, but my Italian colleague Lorenza Mazzetti was never in fact in any danger from British censorship. As far as I can remember, only three people had discussions with Mr A. T. L. Watkins, the then Censor, about this film, namely the author of the subject and the screenplay (myself), the proposed directors (myself and Lorenza Mazzetti), and the producer (Triangle Films).

The Censor discussed the film with me in some detail on the basis of the submitted scenario, and it surprises me to hear from Mr Whitebait that he was against the film because it was 'sympathetic' to Teddies. Though it certainly tried to understand the feelings of (particular) Teddy-Boy characters about their girl-friends, home-life, their work and so-on, the word 'sympathetic' is not quite the right one to apply to a treatment which very often represented them as mob-minded and without feeling. The Censor was not against the film for this reason. In fact, censorship was the least of our difficulties, and the film could and would have been made even if it had been vetoed in England (which it was not).

DENIS HORNE

Via Brunate 1
Rome

[William Whitebait writes: There were two versions of this film. The second was Mr Horne's. The first, referred to by me, was by Keith Johnstone, and this project was also discussed with the Censor. – Ed., NS.]

MORGAN IN THE MIRROR

SIR, – I am indeed sorry to have 'irritated' my old friend and shipmate, Commander C. Arnold-Forster; but I see no reason to alter one word of what I wrote in your issue of 5 August about Charles Morgan and his book *The Gunroom;* in fact, it is only due to Morgan's youth at the time and for another obvious reason that I have not made a far stronger criticism.

I note that Commander Arnold-Forster concedes all my main points, which were that Morgan would not wish this book to be republished, that his account of the treatment of midshipmen in 1912-1914 was not true to life and that he later regretted the book. Of course, naval officers at that time knew it must be a work of fiction, but how was the ordinary public to know? Commander Arnold-Forster does not explain this.

Besides being misleading and a libel on a fine Service (which did considerable harm), it was rather a mean book, in that Morgan caricatured so unkindly both the officers of the *Monmouth* and friends on shore from whom he had received so many kindnesses and much sympathetic consideration. (I am speaking impartially on this latter point as I was not brought into the book.)

Commander Arnold-Forster is entirely incorrect in saying, in an attempt to justify this book to some extent, that the changes in the treatment of midshipmen between 1913 and, say, 1940, showed that there was some basis for Charles Morgan's tirade. The great change in the treatment of midshipmen occurred before 1910. In 1900 and before it could be at times really tough. There was very little difference in the treatment of midshipmen between 1913 and 1940; and in this respect the average ship of 1939 and 1940 would be very little different to HMS *Monmouth* in 1913.

Those midshipmen who were with Morgan in his first ship agreed it was a 'taut ship' but that there was no more than hearty ragging in the gunroom, but I have no first hand knowledge of this, neither has Commander Arnold-Forster.

Whatever Morgan's attitude to his naval training was, the few contemporaries who were with him in both ships prospered exceedingly well in the Service. After World War I, four were left (out of seven) still serving. Of these one became a Vice-Admiral, another a Captain, a third served in very responsible appointments as a Captain on the retired list in World War II, and the fourth I am unable to trace. This is a remarkable record, and I think indicates that Charles Morgan was unduly sensitive to conditions. Perhaps he did possess the unduly sensitive artistic temperament which I came to assume that he had, and that he was not so robust as others. But naval officers have to be robust in character.

It is, of course, no disparagement to the Service, or to training methods, or to Charles Morgan in any way, that he should have found himself at 18 or 19 years of age in the wrong milieu, and that he came to feel an irresistible call to the world of letters. And it is surely a credit to our Captain of the *Monmouth* and the Admiralty that they accepted this position and allowed him so easy a transfer when war was in the offing.

As regards the broad issue of the training of junior officers, and indeed of young ratings too, immediately prior to both World Wars, if Commander Arnold-Forster had served continually in the Fleets as I have, and seen what went on at first hand in war, he would, I am sure, have realized that there could be very little wrong with their peace-time training.

T. BAILLIE-GROHMAN

6 St. Martin's Square
Chichester

MOSCOW TRANSLATORS

SIR, – In his 'Leskov and Russian Life', that appeared in your issue of 23 July, Mr V. S. Pritchett implied that we Moscow translators are unaware of what has been done abroad in the field of Russian literature. This, of course, is quite untrue; the selection ('a lazy selection') of Leskov stories was not determined by what had or had not been previously translated. The criterion was an entirely different one – which of the works of this 'difficult' Russian writer would be most accessible to the English-reading (and not only 'English') reader. It is only natural that the 'accessible' stories should be known to many readers.

Mr Pritchett is also wrong in assuming that a new translation of a Russian classic constitutes a complaint against English translators – in the present case, against Mr Magarshack. I have a very high opinion of David Magarshack's translations and the appearance of the Leskov selection is by no means to be interpreted as a disparagement of his work. And there is nothing remarkable in the fact that two of my translations should be fairly close to those of Mr Magarshack. It would, in fact, be remarkable if they were not very much alike since I do not take liberties with the authors I translate, nor, I believe, does Mr Magarshack. I contend, however, that the details in which they differ are not, as Mr Pritchett says, 'minor details'; they are details that constitute a matter of principle. Mr Magarshack, by means of an expansion of the text, has endeavoured to bring Leskov and his characters to England, to make the writer more easily understandable to the reader of a different land and a different age; I have made an attempt to transport the reader to Leskov's Russia (may I be forgiven this clumsy paraphrase of Goethe!), making few or no concessions to the reader's ignorance of the background. It would have been more interesting if Mr Pritchett had dealt, however briefly, with such points, since only the reader and the critic can tell us how far we succeed in conveying an author who is so far outside the western tradition.

If the Foreign Languages Publishing House should ever wish 'to break new ground' (as Mr Pritchett suggests), I hope it may fall to my lot to present some 'new' Leskov to readers abroad.

GEORGE H. HANNA

Apart. 2
Pechatnikov per., 13
Moscow, I-45

H. G. WELLS SOCIETY

SIR, – There is in this country a Shaw Society, a Dickens Fellowship, and a Brontë Society, but no similar society exists for the perpetuation of the memory and ideas of the late H. G. Wells. In order to fill this long-felt need, it is proposed to form an H. G. Wells Society, composed of persons interested in the life and works of this distinguished writer, who are anxious to encourage a wider interest in his writings and ideas.

I would be most grateful if any of your readers who may be interested in joining such a society would kindly write to the undersigned, from whom fuller details can be obtained.

J. R. HAMMOND

39 Rugby Road
West Bridgford
Nottingham

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

That Complex Fate

DONALD HALL

Imagination is one of those words that *I* understand, but I'm never so sure about *you*. If Alan Pryce-Jones, when he edited *The American Imagination** (originally as a special number of the *Times Literary Supplement*), had in mind any definition of the word, his contributors failed to notice it. 'The American imagination' embraces Aaron Copland and 'Winston tastes good like a cigarette should', and Morris Graves and motels. These objects of culture have nothing in common but their nationality. One might as well define the British imagination as that *je ne sais quoi* which is shared by the *Daily Express*, 'Bovril,' and George Barker.

The book is a bit of a swamp, in fact. One presumed that the 'special number' was made possible by the enormous ads that American publishers took in it, but now its publication in book form rather changes its nature. A book is read in a different way from a mass of miscellaneous articles unified by a specious title. The contributors are an odd lot, and anonymity only adds to the confusion. Some are English and some are American and some seem mid-Atlantic. Some seem to write for an English audience, and others primarily for an American. Of course, the different nations have entirely different ways of looking at America; and Americans have curious ideas about how the English look at them, and the English about how the Americans look at the English looking at the Americans.

Some of the essays contain splendid examples of British condescension, preserved intact from the heyday of cultural imperialism. Sometimes one senses the idea: 'Of course the Americans will be flattered by our attentions, but we won't let them know we know'. This sort of condescension is hearty, and almost charming. Examples of it occur in the pages of this magazine, and in other liberal and left-wing papers, like Evelyn Waugh in an Aldermaston march. The *TLS* proper, of course, is full of it. I am not talking about political anti-Americanism, which is fair enough; I'm talking about an unconscious superiority which often considers itself pro-American. These people *like* Americans – just as I'm sure Roy Welensky *likes* the Blacks. Recently *The Times* ended its profile of Cole Porter: 'He has also seemed to us in this country to be the Nicest Sort of American. And we don't often pay a higher tribute than that.' When I hear such a phrase, I immediately think of the RSPCA, and the Englishman's well-known fondness for dumb animals. Here are a few sentences from *The American Imagination:* '. . . that imagination . . . is sometimes grotesque, often naive. But it is never pale, never passive.' 'With a rumbustious good nature so characteristic of American life . . .' 'To a time-weary European, American music has a strange fascination: for we can hear in it a civilisation coming to birth.' Affectionate but clumsy, well-meaning but undisciplined, the American is a large dog – possibly even man's best friend.

There is a corresponding attitude in America, a colonial Anglophobia which can interpret anti-Americanism in every word an Englishman speaks. This attitude is partly a response to the dying cultural imperialism of Englishmen, but it has also a local source. Many intelligent Americans develop this over-sensitivity because of the stupid Anglophilia of *other* Americans with fourth-rate minds. Some academics actually do feel inferior, and they answer the condescension of a lecturing Britisher by licking his boots at pseudo tea-parties. When Leslie Fiedler attacked *The American Imagination*, in his good article in *Encounter*, he was addressing his insults to the English Departments of America which *believe* the ads in the *New Yorker*, and which find their idea of the comparison between England and America when they read the opening essay here. The author of 'Taking Stock' states that the English poet, in contrast to the American, 'speaks clearly' because 'he feels that readers are waiting to understand.' When I showed this passage to one of the best young English poets, whose book has just climbed to a sale of 400 copies, his response was rather violent.

Most of the articles are nothing but remakes of old books and articles (possibly by the same authors) and though the British public may not have been expected to read the originals, the second-handedness of all the ideas does not make for lively writing. In fact, there is not an original thought in the book, and it might be most usefully regarded as an anthology of all the clichés which have ever been used about American art, literature, advertising and entertainment. In Tennessee Williams' plays, 'Symbols appear often . . .' We hear again about 'paleface and redskin', about 'the dark side of American experience', and about the theme of Europe. Of course, nothing is really *bad*. And if nothing is exactly great, a lot is 'worthy of attention', 'vigorous', and 'impressive'.

The author of 'Jumbo Fish-Tales' creates an imaginery *Amerika* out of motels and General Motors, a comforting rhetorical dream of a nation like Disneyland, as specious as the villagers and the Beefeaters of the *New Yorker*. Still, it is less dull than following essays on The Novel, The Short Story, Broadway, Off-Broadway and so on – which merely repeat the unexceptionable. Only the essay on Hollywood manages really to find fault with popular entertainment. The possible attack on what is worst in America goes unmade. Television and advertising are whitewashed - though the authors pay formal respects to the goddess of self-criticism by admitting unimportant faults before praising enormous vices. Englishmen seldom see an intelligent attack on America. English anti-Americanism, such as it is, is too busy protecting its imperial vanity to notice what is really objectionable. Of course for that matter the great mass of Englishmen seem, like the Russians, eager to turn into Americans. As for the young English literary intellectuals, they seem to me enormously pro-American. I wonder if any generation of novelists, critics and poets has ever felt so generous toward another country in so unphoney a way. Kingsley Amis's attack on English anti-Americanism in the *Observer* was an example; and the year-in-America has made many another young Englishman return a convinced advocate of much that is American.

I suppose that only an American really knows how unbearable the United States can be. A great many *do* know it, and they are concentrated in the universities and in urban centres. From these defended points they glare out at a culture from which they keep themselves isolated – insofar as anyone can. It's not that society scorns them. Society couldn't care less. *They* scorn *society*, and meantime, they continue to try to be as intelligent as they can, and if they are artists they try to make good art.

Society, as I mean it in the last paragraph, is not a synonym for *people*, still less for a class of people. I mean the institutionalised social force which is the public face of America, and which most of the people try to live by. The administrators of the universities – many of whom want the university to be a service organisation for the community, providing what the community demands - are as guilty as the advertising men, the public relations hacks, and the executives of the television networks. This public America is everywhere. You see it in every advertisement, it talks incessantly from the radio, the television, the pulpit and the rostrum, and it even writes itself into the letters of old friends. It is phoney, and it treats the human being as a thing to be used for the ends of profit. It is only a development of tendencies which can be observed everywhere, but in America it is developed on a huge scale with unprecedented techniques and talents. It runs, it *manages* the United States. It is the seat of power.

If the American intellectual is to exist at all, he must be intransigent. I suspect that what young Englishmen admire in America is this intellectual toughness, combined with the unimportance (the utter silliness) of American social classes. In England the line between the intellectual and the sell-out is never so closely drawn. Whenever anyone tries to rebel, he is immediately applauded and elected to the House of Lords. It's a fine way of being conservative, but it's hard on rebellion. The intransigence of the American intellectual is made easier because nobody is listening. In America I doubt that Colin Wilson would have had flattering reviews in the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. But America doesn't *have* these papers, because the line between highbrow and middle-brow is clearer. The strength and weakness of English literature

**The American Imagination.* Edited by ALAN PRYCE-JONES. *Cassell. 25s.*

lies in its large semi-intelligent public for *belles lettres* (not for poetry!). The strength and weakness of American literature is its lonely intransigence.

The trouble with this book can be localised in the lack of a definition for the word 'imagination'. If the word does not have a value somehow attached to it, it is worthless. It has none here. The article on advertising begins, 'What most strikes native observers of American advertising is its apparent lack of imagination.' Ah, what a little world *this* chap lives in! There are a few natives who do not have quite this reaction, but are struck by the sterility, the cultivated dishonesty, the waste and the corruption of advertising. The *slogan* is what receives this author's ultimate praise: 'What distinguishes those few which achieve relative permanence ("Halitosis", "BO", . . .) must in all logic and fairness be granted a quality of imagination.' It is important to understand that the philistine is as intransigent as the intellectual. The apologist for television condescends like an emperor: 'Bacon's maxim is for philosophers and aesthetes to whom television is not primarily addressed.' The arrogance of cultural relativism was perhaps only better stated by Neil McElroy, who, when he was made Secretary of Defence, was challenged on the daytime radio serials which his soap company sponsored. He is reported to have answered: 'The problem of improving the literary taste of the people is the problem of the schools . . . The people who listen to our program aren't intellectuals – they're ordinary people, good people, who win wars for us, produce our manufactured products and grow our food . . . They use a lot of soap.'

As long as official America propounds ideas like these, the intellectual must be uncompromisingly opposed. To the soap manufacturer's 'Business is business', he must answer 'Values are values'. Unfortunately he must waste a great deal of his time merely reacting to what is around him. One reason why so many American writers like to spend a year in Europe, now and again, is that it allows them to escape their hatred, or at least to be angry at something else. If 'BO' is a product of the American imagination, the American imagination is a tool of the enemy. Luckily the imaginations of a number of Americans – from Herman Melville to Saul Bellow, from Emily Dickinson to Robert Lowell – have not been expended on advertising. And they might say with William Carlos Williams:

America the golden!
with trick and money
damned
like Altgeld sick
and molden
we love thee bitter
land.

John Ruskin
THE STONES OF VENICE
'A new and more judicious abridgement,' by J. G. Links, 'of this the most famous of books about Venice.'
RAYMOND MORTIMER—SUNDAY TIMES
Illustrated 21s

Strega Prize Winner
CARLO CASSOLA
Just awarded Italy's premier literary prize for his second novel.
The prize won last year by Lampedusa's *The Leopard*.
FAUSTO AND ANNA–his first novel, translated by Isabel Quigly, just out.
16s

No Other Novel
this year has been acclaimed a masterpiece *and* become a best-seller.
THE LEOPARD *With Harvill* 16s

Collins

Cristo de Bristol

The 'Cristo de Bristol' is an articulated figure of Christ used for the Easter Sepulchre and carried through the streets of a fishing village of northern Spain during the Holy Week processions. It is said to have been dredged from the Avon by a Spanish sea-captain, who brought the figure to his home port.

I am the Bristol Christ,
That waking man who won
With hands of wire the Easter fire
Out of the Biscay sun.
Cast in my coat of lights
Upon the poking tide
A seaman with a snare of stars
Hauled me to his side.

Swim on, Captain Jesus
Wherever you may wish.
Write on the wicked water
The message of the fish.
Heal in the holy river
Your five and fingered scars,
Turn like a tree about the sea
Your skeleton of spars.

I stepped from off the ocean
Upon the sea-struck shore,
I laid me down my cruel crown
Before my father's door.
I carried him that kingdom
I set beneath my skin
That he might seal the sorrow
Of all the world within.

Now springs upon your shipmast
The burning bush of day,
From your shot side the breathing tide
Wears the black grave away.
Bless with your fan of fingers
These hands, this heart, these eyes,
And lift my love and fishes
Perfect, to paradise.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

The New Arab Age

Nasser's New Egypt. By KEITH WHEELOCK. *Stevens.* 30s.

What kind of man *is* Colonel Nasser? For years he was written off as a brash 'Gyppo' who needed putting in his place by the Foreign Office and the State Department. Then, when he grabbed the Canal, Sir Anthony Eden – who likes his Arabs docile and well-born – compared him with Hitler, apparently unaware that in Egypt the comparison would be regarded as a tribute. On those of us who knew him personally, however, he made a very different impression. Indeed, no Middle Eastern leader of his generation has exerted more personal attraction on those Englishmen who have been lucky enough to see him at close quarters – or made more enemies among the Arab peoples he claims to lead.

It was high time to review Nasser's record and consider objectively how far he has achieved the aims for the sake of which he forced King Farouk to abdicate. In *Nasser's New Egypt* the attempt has been made by a raw young American social scientist. Keith Wheelock, we are told on the dust cover, has a BA from Yale and an MA from Pennsylvania University; he has 'filmed and produced two colour documentaries on the Middle East'; and he has also visited Egypt every year since 1953, finally persuading Nasser, in his own words, 'to place the facilities of the Presidency at his disposal.' Mr Wheelock knows virtually nothing either of Arabic or of history since 1945. Moreover, like so many Americans trained in social science, he writes in a fearful mixture of journalese and academic jargon. Yet, for the job in hand, his lack of background turns out to be a positive advantage. Unlike those Middle Eastern experts who taught Mr Dulles and Sir Anthony to share their prejudices and misjudge Nasser, Mr Wheelock's mind is a New World *tabula rasa*, on which facts and fictions, shrewd judgments and prejudices, are all faithfully transcribed. By the standard of our Arabists – nearly all of whom write supremely well – his book is terrible. But I must admit that in this clumsy compilation is contained most of the material required for a sensible assessment of Colonel Nasser.

Now that events before Suez have become prehistory – a prelude to the new Arab age – we can begin to see the tragi-comedy of Nasser's *coup d'état*. Here was a group of British-trained Egyptian officers, all in their thirties, with no political ambition save to end the shameful corruption of the Farouk regime and then hand their country back to honest political leaders. Nasser, when I first got to know him, was not a politician, far less a revolutionary, but a staff officer – strongly anti-Communist, strongly anti-neutralist and touchingly eager to be accepted by the British generals in Suez as a good soldier and a reliable ally. True, one or two of his intimates were flirting with Communist ideas. But he himself was much more influenced by Dr Buchman than by Karl Marx (in those early days each meeting of the Revolutionary Committee began with a period for 'sharing'). Only gradually, over months, was the military *coup d'état* transformed into a revolution, as these young soldiers realised that there were no politicians to hand over to – they were filling a vacuum of power. Even then, Nasser's main concern was not to confirm his regime

but to create a mass movement, out of which a new democratic leadership could rise; and he still believes that his personal dictatorship is a proof of his failure as a revolutionary.

Throughout this first period – as Mr Wheelock brings out very well – Nasser was a naive Westerniser, who opposed any kind of socialist planning, admired the British way of life and permitted the Egyptian economy to be run by orthodox economists and financiers on ultra-Conservative lines. His one revolutionary idea was that the poor fellah must be rescued from the clutches of his rich landlord. Hence the land reform, whose importance has been so unfairly depreciated in the West. Mr Wheelock gives an authentic and authoritative account of this one Radical measure and contrasts its tremendous success with the failure of the much publicised efforts to extend the area of cultivable land.

He also rightly emphasises that the land reform alienated the industrialists and bankers on whom Nasser relied for the modernisation of Egypt's economy. As a result, by the end of 1954 he faced a domestic crisis. He must either surrender completely to the old establishment or break with it and move forward to national planning. In retrospect we can see that this, and not the Suez crisis, was the turning point. He had already obtained his biggest claim from the British – withdrawal from the Suez base. Alas, however, this had not been given voluntarily, but conceded to a short, sharp and extremely effective campaign of sabotage and violence. Instead of accepting these young Egyptian officers as eager allies of the West, Sir Winston had compelled them to follow the Israeli example and obtain their independence by terrorism.

The result was to make Egyptian public opinion, and many of the Revolutionary Committee, anti-British and neutralist. Only Nasser fought back, until in the spring of 1955 his position was suddenly undermined by two events, the announcement of the Iraqi-Turkish alliance and Ben Gurion's drastic raid on Gaza. The first seemed to show that Britain was reverting to her old policy of 'divide and rule' and building up Baghdad against Cairo. The second, which exposed Egyptian military weakness, made it impossible to continue refusing the officers' demand for rearmament. Affronted by the British and under pressure from his own Army, Nasser attended the Bandung conference and returned a protagonist of that 'positive neutrality' which within a matter of months was to make him the first leader of the Arab world against Western imperialism. He had broken with his past as an Egyptian patriot, a Westerniser and social reformer and staked his future as a pan-Arab revoluntionary – anti-Communist at home but ready to receive every kind of aid from the Communist bloc.

The first Anglo-American reaction was feverishly to offer Nasser, the avowed neutralist, what they had refused to Nasser, the avowed friend of the West. Then, when he refused to come to heel, came the withdrawal of the Aswan Dam offer, which provided the perfect justification for nationalising the Canal. Mr Wheelock is constantly telling us about Nasser's skill as a tactician. But at each crisis the West has played into his hands by providing the exact provocation he required. Even the attack on Port Said was providential, because it gave him a patriotic excuse when he was faced with domestic bankruptcy, for nationalising all foreign holdings, introducing a planned economy and disciplining the bankers and business men, who until then had given him his orders.

The conclusion I draw from this story is that Nasser's anti-westernism is due far less to his personal qualities than to Anglo-American ineptitude. He wanted to make Egypt England's junior partner in the Middle East, leader of an Arab League anchored in the Western alliance. We would have none of it. And so he was driven perforce to achieve a complete independence for his people and to rouse the whole Arab world against the West. Nasser is the supreme modern example of the revolutionary *malgré lui*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

From Fleet Street to Singapore

And Now, Tomorrow. By VERNON BARTLETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Journey to Nowhere. By HUBERT PHILLIPS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30*s.*

Vernon Bartlett ends his second volume of autobiography with a cry of bravado: 'Life begins at 65' It is symptomatic of his indefatigable optimism and belies the undertones of defeat that oddly emerge from the book as a whole. Vernon Bartlett has suffered no more than the defeats inescapable by a lifelong perfectionist in a world full of wickedness and violence, but he feels them more. His one disability is his sensitiveness, coupled with a modesty so astonishing that a stranger might suppose it to be assumed, whereas it is in fact a profound part of the man. A journalist with a sense of mission should have at least four skins. Bartlett was born with only two.

They have served him nevertheless, bloody but unbowed, through a lifetime of tough campaigning on the world's diplomatic and political battlefields, as journalist, broadcaster and Member of Parliament. His gift of honest, lucid exposition made him for many years as broadcaster on foreign affairs one of the best-known personalities in the land. He was the best informed and most courageous of diplomatic correspondents throughout a vintage period both in quality of men and calamity of events. His successful campaign as Independent candidate for Bridgwater, fought on the issue of Munich, made history. 'And now,' he says defiantly, 'Tomorrow'. For all his self-depreciation, this is not the cry of a beaten man.

Bartlett's journalistic colleagues and rivals have always been guiltily aware of his conscientiousness, as well as of the outrageous charm which has stood him in such good professional stead. His friendships are worldwide, his diplomatic 'contacts' have been among the very highest in every country. His travels and experiences in all corners of the globe at moments when history was being shaped make perfect material for a book like this, full of the frenzied comings and goings of a diplomatic correspondent's life, the interviews with the great, the meticulous piecing together of the day's jig-saw puzzle before filing a report, the keen eye for significant detail, and also and always a strong idiosyncratic flavour. Intuitive flair added to immense experience has made him a dependable prophet. As far back as 1931 he described the Japanese invasion of Manchuria as the beginning of World War II. In January 1939, well ahead of most others who were still placing hopes on the half-hearted

Stevens

ISRAEL
A Blessing and a Curse
Hedley V. Cooke

'When Mr Cooke says that "a crying need has arisen for an unbiased appraisal of Israel", few would disagree with him. Boldly he sets out to fill the gap, and on the whole it must be said that he succeeds . . . He knows the country well, has studied deeply, and worries away at every problem with tenacious honesty' – The Times.
'The great strength of this book is its careful, dispassionate analysis of the true sources of Israel's strength, which is combined with some remarkably sound advice about the kinds of domestic and foreign policies which these sources of strength inexorably demand.' – Jewish Chronicle.

25s.

★

NASSER'S NEW EGYPT
Keith Wheelock

'This is the book we have been waiting for. For Mr Wheelock had both the qualifications and the opportunities which none of his predecessors in this field have enjoyed. He had the single-minded purpose to write a book on Nasser's New Egypt . . . A clear picture of Nasserism and Egypt emerges untainted by propaganda, for or against.' – JOHN KIMCHE in the Jewish Observer and Middle East Review.

30s.

★

SOVIET ECONOMIC POWER
Robert W. Campbell

Until the Sputnik the West was accustomed to doubt Soviet claims of technical achievement. But recent events have challenged our complacency. This book, drawing on the rich material discovered by extensive research, presents an objective, reasoned and internally consistent picture of what the Soviet economy is like, how it works, what its accomplishments have been, and what it seems capable of in the future. This picture is highlighted at many points by comparison and contrast with the economy of the United States.

30s.

British approaches to Moscow, he was warning readers of the *News Chronicle* of the risk of a Russo-German understanding, which in the event made war certain.

Through Europe, USSR, Africa, China, America, the Middle and Far East, Bartlett picks his way round the world with the assurance of a *doyen*. In recent years he has found a new delight in the ways and manners of the East. It is in the East, after all, that Tomorrow's sun rises, and it is here that in a frightful world he looks forward with some hope for the future.

Hubert Phillips, too, has been an almost life-long *News Chronicle* man ('Dogberry'), and a NEW STATESMAN man ('Caliban') as well; also, like Bartlett, a familiar personality on radio. His packed career as economist, journalist, humourist, authority on card games, endlessly resourceful inventor of quizzes and intelligence tests, *bon vivant* and wit should yield him rich material for his next volume. This one takes him up to the age of 27, demobilised from the army after a 'blighty one', and finding a flattering number of doors being opened to a young man with a brilliant academic career just behind him.

He tells the story of his life at home, at school and at Oxford with affectionate detail. Having early discovered for himself the uses that a first-class brain can be put to, he turned his into a disciplined machine that has won him from early youth a succession of deserved successes and esteem in an astonishing variety of roles. He also quickly found out how to organise his life so as to allow, while working at high pressure, plenty of time for fruitful and diversified leisure, so that his days and nights were the reverse of mechanical. He learnt how and when to be idle, at times a shade audaciously. He nearly fluffed a First in his History Finals through sheer wilful refusal to master (as, with his already highly organised memory-techniques he could have done in a couple of days) a subject he found boring and barren.

These Oxford chapters are full of rapid, lively sketches of famous characters now retired from the academic list but still illustrious in many memories. Phillips is a man of strong friendships. They shine through a book illuminated at every turn by a warm humanity and a kaleidoscopic intelligence.

GERALD BARRY

IMPORTANT

Readers of the New Statesman are reminded that all Books reviewed or advertised in this issue may be obtained promptly from:

W. & G. FOYLE LTD
119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)
Open 9-6 Inc Sats (Thur 9-7)
2 mins. from Tottenham Ct. Rd. Stn.

9/60

Zebra Crossing

Serengeti Shall Not Die. BY BERNHARD GRZIMEK. Translated by E. L. and D. REWALD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

Both in history and in legend the great wild animals of the world have enjoyed their moments of significance in human eyes, and have now, perhaps, come to the last and most tragic of these. Noah, we must presume, employed no invidious process of selection in ensuring the perpetuation of the pageantry of species; he must have housed hyenas with the same conscientious care as he stalled his oxen, but alas, his excellent example has been largely ignored. Later, and indeed until recent times, it was almost obligatory upon a monarch to support a menagerie, and the more outlandish and fabulous the creatures exhibited the further his influence was assumed to extend. The great majority of these creatures came from Africa, where no more than a century ago their numbers appeared as unassailable as the stars of the Milky Way. Europeans came, and these myriad beasts received a new and curious baptism by the name of Big Game. The game, however, proved to be, if one may so put it, regrettably unilateral, and the generous victors provided reserves for what was left of the opposing side, just as they had done for the human aboriginal inhabitants of other countries.

The Serengeti Park, in Tanganyika, is one of these reserves, and Alan Moorehead states in his introduction to Dr Grzimek's book that it supports the largest concentration of wild animals in the world, including 99,000 wildebeest and 57,000 zebras. It was known that these huge numbers were due to certain seasonal movements of the great herds, but these migrations had not been studied in enough detail to delineate boundaries minimal for the animals' survival. In view of the Masai tribesmen's claims to extensive pasturage at present under zebra, wildebeest and gazelle, Dr Grzimek and his son Michael undertook a complete census of the 'big game' population and a detailed study of its movements. They used both land and air transport for their counts, and by catching individual animals and marking them with bright plastic collars they were able to trace and map the local migrations of the herds. They found that there were 367,000 animals as opposed to the previously estimated million, and that government plans for reduction of the reserve were based upon disastrous misconceptions rendering the new frontiers totally inadequate; the animals must cross them to avail themselves of seasonal pasture:

> The 367,000 animals have to migrate across the borders to graze outside it, yet the whole object of creating the Serengeti Park was so that the last remaining great herds of grassland animals in Africa should be protected within its borders all the year round.

This book is a personal record of a single-minded man who has no doubt at all that the animals have a greater claim to the last of their heritage than has man, and who in support of his view quotes Ecclesiastes III, 19-21 (a passage, surprisingly, that might have been written by Bertrand Russell). It is also a memorial to Dr Grzimek's son, who shared his enthusiasm and his adventures, and who was killed when a vulture struck a wing of the reconnaissance plane that he was piloting. There are more than 100 photographs (of which the publishers have disconcertingly included no list) and the majority of these, both colour and monochrome, are the best of this *genre* that I have seen. I suspect that the translators should share responsibility for somewhat numerous oddities in the extremely readable text.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Death of Finn

At Swim-Two-Birds. BY FLANN O'BRIEN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

This brilliant and wicked book was first published in 1939, a bad year for originality and laughter. In spite of praise from James Joyce – who was parodied in it – and Mr Graham Greene, and from the best critics, it reached only a small public. Let us hope the prospects are brighter now, for Mr O'Brien's is one of the funniest 'novels' to come out of Ireland. To describe it is difficult. One could say that the author designed to reduce the total Irish literary tradition to farce and to make hay of the modern novel, but his irreverence is not journalistic. The book is not a skit. It is scholarly, vigorous and creative. The narrator is a slothful, verminous and drunken Dublin student who deceives his pious uncle and, while supposedly reading for his exams, is either fast asleep or working out a destructive theory of the novel. By now novelists merely copy one another. The only intellectually respectable thing to do is to pot, pillage, rearrange and summarise available literature and its techniques. But while he is writing a novel about a novelist called Trellis, the characters of Trellis's book – maimed by inadequate treatment – avenge themselves on their author by making up a grotesque yarn about him.

That is the ballast of the book; it hardly keeps on an even keel, but, at any rate, it rolls along comically half-capsized; in its course, it picks up a lot of Joyce, breaks into Celtic legend – Finn MacCool – Bardic exercises, Irish realism and Wild West yarning and fills up with the conceits, fantasies and enormities of talk in lecture halls, Law Courts and Dublin pubs. If Mr O'Brien had waited ten years he could have taken Beckett on board and so reduced a whole tradition to laughter. But, as I say, Mr O'Brien is not out to kill a culture; by his vitality and impudence he adds to it. Even Finn MacCool, whose adventures get rather boring, can be seen bombinating again as a grotesque:

> Three fifties of fosterlings could engage with a handball against the wideness of his backside, which was wide enough to halt the march of warriors through a mountain pass.

And if Finn palls, he is splendid taken a page at a time.

Mr O'Brien's gifts are startling and heartless. He has the astounding Irish genius for describing the human animal, its shameless and dilapidated body, its touching and proliferating fancy, its terrible interest in useless conundrums. On top of this he has an extraordinary freedom of the English language, perhaps because he is a Gaelic scholar, perhaps because the Elizabethan tradition has survived in Ireland. His people are either seedy Dubliners or ludicrous giants, but their wits are alight; they live in language, in comic image, rather than in life. It looks as though his idea was to knock the regionalism out of Irish literature by magnifying it. Since Joyce, the nose-picking, truculent porter-and-Guinness-swilling Dublin student has been an established figure in Irish literature, predating our own post-war Jimmies and resembling, in their unemployable way, the over-educated rogues of the Elizabethan universities and the picaros of Salamanca.

The sloth of Mr O'Brien's sulky, superior narrator who, despite his beatnik behaviour, triumphs with cynical ease in his examinations at the end, is an enjoyable quality. I became tired of the joke only when Mr Trellis's characters started writing about him, simply because of the excess. This kind of fantasy is apt to be self-destructive. But I shall often return to Mr O'Brien's diverting brainstorm and shall often brood about one of his deluded characters who feared to sit down because he imagined his bottom was made of glass.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Claudine Married. By COLETTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Count Luna and Baron Bagge. By ALEXANDER LERNET-HOLENIA. Translated by RICHARD and CLARE WINSTON and JANE B. GREENE. *Blond.* 18*s.*

A Sort of Forgetting. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 16*s.*

The Passion. By ROGER MANVELL. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Claudine Married was one of the novels Colette wrote at the order of her husband Willy to follow up the success of *Claudine at School.* It is a scandalous little book, alarmingly smooth and professional. It was, of course, meant to scandalise. One wishes that the publishers had told a little more of the book's history. It would be interesting to know, for example, whether there are differences between the edition of 1902, which was published under Willy's name, and the edition of 1949, from which Antonia White has made her fluent translation.

The title is ironic. For this is not so much the story of Claudine's marriage to Renaud, the 45-year-old writer, as the story of Claudine's affair with Rézi, another married woman. Renaud, who is something of a voyeur, is excited by the affair, and encourages it by renting a room where the women can meet. Once the sexual versatility of the characters is accepted the story holds no surprises; that Renaud's son is a homosexual makes this acceptance easier. However absurd the story appears when outlined, it is nowhere vulgar, so coolly is it told, and with such conviction. It is always like this with Colette. She is a writer about whom I have never been able to make up my mind. Her virtues are clear; her limitations can always be defended. Her values can be questioned (all those breasts like cut apples), and the sexuality of her characters can become tedious. Yet she herself is ironic, objective and altogether persuasive. Isn't this a little like saying: '*La Dame aux Camélias* is a hopeless play. But it has a period charm, and Edwige Feuillère does it so well, with such passion'?

Alexander Lernet-Holenia, an Austrian, is an excellent story-teller, and *Count Luna* and *Baron Bagge* can be recommended to those with a taste for Gothick fantasy, descriptions of wild landscape and rough romantic weather. *Baron Bagge* is the more old-fashioned of the stories. With talk of the Count Gondola Dragoons retreating across the Carpathians before the armies of the Grand Duke, with cavalrymen in red breeches moving like 'tiny drops of blood' across the snow, the buckles of the horses's trappings gleaming, clouds deepening to a 'woolly, blue-black colour' promising more snow, with talk of barons and love and duels, it comes as a surprise to find that the story is set in 1915. Baron Bagge is unable to love a living woman; this has come about as a result of his experiences during the war. No more can be revealed; and though the story has a cheating Ambrose Bierce-like end, it has authentic moments of horror.

Count Luna, a novel in itself, is more complicated and satisfying. It combines a number of themes. Alexander Jessiersky, an Austrian industrialist, feels cut off from his Russian-Polish ancestors. He has never been to Poland, but he pictures a country where his dead ancestors live, where 'beneath a grey sky, from which snow never fell but which held a constant threat of snow, there were always gay parties on the estates where the departed lived in death'. During the Nazi occupation Jessiersky, by his inaction, is responsible for the ruin of a man called Luna. Thereafter he can never forget him. This mania leads to Jessiersky's own ruin and leads him, by way of the catacombs in Rome, to rejoin his ancestors in Poland.

At every step Lernet-Holenia surprises us with out-of-the-way information, about the moon, the *Almanach de Gotha* and various works of Spanish genealogy, the catacombs. His stories have a wholeness, an interior logic; they are not, like the later stories of Isak Dinesen, made up of easy mystifications; there is no fixed point where fact dissolves into fantasy.

A Sort of Forgetting (a currently fashionable sort of title) is very difficult to read and, if only for this reason, must be judged a failure. Its message appears to be that 'one must go on living . . Life, almost always, retains the capacity of being unexpected. It should never be cut down.' We arrive at this conclusion after following the lives of an American, an Englishman, a Polish Jewess and a German who knew one another at an international school in France after the Great War. They are none of them people. There is no story, only reflection and description; and it seems to me that the Nazi's distorted views are too considerately treated The whole thing is too fabricated and the writing is unremittingly intense. One is on the side of the author rather than his book.

The blurb of *The Passion* is so well done it renders the novel unnecessary, reducing it, without loss, to an outline of its plot. This C. of E. priest has doubts; then he meets this Polish woman; he leaves the Church, and they go to live in this cottage in Cornwall (which has appeared so often in recent fiction that I begin to feel it is one of those advertised in

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The Author). He joins a local repertory company and then, as modest and successful as Nicholas Nickleby among the Crummles, he shoots up to stardom. On page 225 he leaves Cornwall for Sunderland; on page 249 Stratford are making inquiries; on page 257 he is in Stratford; on page 267 he is playing Lear in the West End, with old Bishop Fletcher weeping in the stalls. There are intervals for romantic anxieties, for this priest is making up for 40 years of celibacy; and while in the early pages we see him wrestling with his doubts, on page 241 we find:

> He seized her right arm beneath her shoulder and pulled her over to him; she . . . gave a little cry as his open mouth pressed down . . . Again and again he pressed himself on her until her body ached . . . She sensed he was weeping as he kissed her . . .

V. S. NAIPAUL

Confessed Killer

Hume: Portrait of a Double Murderer. BY JOHN WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

The case of Donald Hume must be unique in the records of criminology. Tried for murder in one country, he was acquitted. Some time later he confessed to having committed the murder. Afterwards he went to another country, where he committed another murder, was convicted, and is now serving a life term there.

Hume, the illegitimate son of a Swanage schoolmistress, nourished a grudge against society, which he forcefully and brutally expressed one evening in October 1949 by stabbing to death a shady motor dealer and black marketeer, named Stanley Setty, who had roused Hume to homicidal fury by kicking his favourite dog. (Setty's real name was Sulman Seti, and he was a Jew from Baghdad.) Hume dismembered Setty's body and dumped it piecemeal from a hired aircraft into the English Channel. Unfortunately for him the torso floated on to the Essex marshes, where it was retrieved by a boatman and later identified by Scotland Yard.

Brilliantly defended by Mr R. F. Levy KC, Hume was found Not Guilty of the murder charge by a second jury after the first had been unable to agree on a verdict. However, this jury convicted him on another indictment of being an accessory after the fact to Setty's murder, and he was sentenced to 12 years. He was released from Dartmoor in 1958, having gained the maximum remission for good conduct.

Hume thereupon sold his sensational 'confession' for £2,000 to the *Sunday Pictorial*. He then departed for Switzerland, where, masquerading as a Canadian test-pilot named Johnny Bird, he persuaded pretty 29-year-old Trudi Sommer, owner of a Zurich beauty parlour, to share her apartment with him under promise of marriage. When his cash resources ran low, he returned to England to carry out two bank robberies. It was his third bank hold-up, this time back in Zurich, which eventually brought him to justice, when he shot and killed a taxi-driver while making his escape after the robbery.

Mr John Williams has written a competent journalist's account of Hume's sordid and misspent life. While he covers Hume's trials at the Old Bailey in some detail, it is a pity that Mr Williams merely devotes the last two pages of his book to the Swiss court proceedings. The trial at Winterthur, in which Hume repeated his confession, is full of interest, particularly in underlining the differences between British and continental criminal procedures.

> The Public Prosecutor said at this trial: 'It is a failing in the law of England that an appeal by the Crown is not possible if it is subsequently discovered that a person has been incorrectly or insufficiently sentenced. Hume was able to announce to the world that he was the murderer of Setty. He was not brought before the court and punished, because he had previously been acquitted by that court. This would have been grounds for an appeal under Swiss law.'

Perhaps our own law does need tidying up.

MONTGOMERY HYDE

A Sculptor's Themes

The Art of Henry Moore. BY WILL GROHMANN. *Thames & Hudson.* 5 *gns.*

One of the by-products of the present immense prestige of acknowledged artists is a crop of books on art and artists which are in themselves splendid objects. Historians and students of the subject are presumed to value primarily accuracy, comprehensiveness and ease of reference. Commercial enterprise has decided that the fans will go for the imposing piece of book production – what Americans call the coffee-table book. This new monograph on Henry Moore lies between these poles and combines characteristics of both. It is a handsomely produced volume containing a good selection of illustrations and a critical essay by Professor Will Grohmann, the German art historian, with appendices giving biographical facts and photographs, lists of exhibitions and of works in public collections and a bibliography. This version is a translation and the book was printed in Germany.

The existing standard work on Moore's sculpture in two volumes deals with his work up till the end of 1954. Professor Grohmann's book supplements it by including later works; notably, the Fallen Warrior, the Falling Warrior, the Unesco reclining figure and the upright figures or 'Scottish crosses'. Rather than attempt an exhaustive analysis of the whole range of works from some 40 years of Moore's working life, Professor Grohmann has wisely decided to select certain major works around which to write his essay. He has chosen, again wisely I think, to review Moore's work in separate sections on his main sculptural themes (the reclining figure, mother and child etc), instead of using a division by materials or chronology as a framework. With this strong ground-plan to his book he has been able to make some illuminating comparisons between different treatments of the same theme.

But Professor Grohmann is not so happy with Moore as he was in previous books with Klee and Kandinsky. He is not here writing out of the same intimacy with the life and art of his subject. There is something in Moore's sculpture which attracts devotees of the collective unconscious; the dangerous word 'chthonic' is apt to occur in descriptions of his work. The motives and meanings of all major artists are mysterious; this is not a reason for writing obscurely about their works. And Moore is among the more consistent artists, which should make it easier to be lucid about him. But German art historians have a tradition of profundity to live up to. Professor Grohmann burrows into the depths of Moore's psyche and brings up some very strange stuff. Here is Professor Grohmann on a reclining figure of 1945:

> . . . Moore is here possessed by an urge to penetrate the block of wood that ['is' omitted] at the same time bound up with the mental image of the mysterious and unknown world of motherhood. It is more of an exorcism than an idea. A shudder runs through the spectator who wanders into this region 'where images of all creatures hover around him', as it says in Part Two of Goethe's *Faust*. The incisions, the hollows and the perforations in the wood are encroachments upon a life process, that having [sic] something dictatorial about them. The sculptor leads, but he is also led; the swelling volumes of the neck and chest, and of the left thigh, are gigantic shapes that lie closer to nature than to consciousness. They are mountains, such as Moore has long seen in his mind's eye, a union of landscape and sculpture.

Most of this is murky indeed; admittedly he has not been helped by the translator, but

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only the meaning and relevance of the last sentence are clear to me.

Professor Grohmann plainly feels sympathy with Moore's sculpture and he is good in more straightforward descriptive passages and when he is relating Moore's own words to his works. The general tone is rather rapt and uncritical. No service is done to the appreciation of an artist's work by implying that everything he has done is equally successful and of supreme value. Henry Moore is unquestionably one of the most powerful artists of this epoch; his reputation could only benefit by having more rigorous standards applied to his work than those Professor Grohmann has used here. The text shows signs of hasty editing and proofreading, it contains a number of irritating misprints.

Most of the numerous photogravure illustrations in black and white are excellent and excellently fitted to the page, though a few are too black in the dark areas and fail to show the surface texture of the sculpture; this is probably the fault of the original photographs. More views of the same work would have been helpful for, as Professor Grohmann himself points out, Moore's sculpture is exceptionally difficult to illustrate in two dimensions. Numbers on the plates refer the reader to the list of illustrations at the beginning of the book for subject, date, material and size. But reference is not made easy by a fashion in layout which will not allow a number on a plate to spoil the appearance of a page.

ROBIN CAMPBELL

African History

The Story of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. By A. J. HANNA. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Year of Decision: Rhodesia and Nyasaland 1960. By PHILIP MASON. *Oxford: Institute of Race Relations.* 21*s.*

Black Government? By COLIN MORRIS and KENNETH KAUNDA. *United Society for Christian Literature.* 6*s.*

We badly need a serious history of Central Africa and Dr Hanna's vivacious and adult narrative is the first to appear in print. It is intelligent, contains very few factual errors and synthesises a mass of relevant material for the first time. Why then does the book leave one with a keen sense of disappointment? Partly because Dr Hanna seems to be hardening into that combative type of academic who cannot resist any opportunity to settle old scores with his intellectual enemies – in this case anthropologists. No doubt some anthropologists have romanticised the African past and averted their gaze from its tyrannical and bestial features on the plea of 'cultural relativity'. Dr Hanna's conduct of the argument, however, by simply appealing to our sense of horror at tribal cruelties, is to say the least inconclusive; especially as he makes scant effort to decide how far slaving and gunpowder – the first being largely, and the second wholly, European and Arab innovations – were ultimately responsible for the worst excesses witnessed by the early white missionaries and explorers. All this, and a certain curious racialism ('The Matabele, like their kindred spirits the Angoni, were a nation of barefaced beggars'), mars his account of 'A Hundred Years Ago'.

Dr Hanna knows a great deal about the early penetration of Central Africa, however, and writes about it with justifiable vigour and confidence. But – and this is the book's second serious weakness – after this the narrative becomes less and less well-proportioned. Of course, after the First World War the historian cannot rely on archives, and published documents refer mainly to European activities; but Dr Hanna has really paid very little attention indeed to the Africans themselves. This goes so far that a chapter entitled 'The Africans' Response', apart from some anthropological material on labour migration, is almost entirely about Government agricultural policy, the growth of the missions and the school system. There is virtually nothing about changing African social structure and the emergence of African trade unions and political organisations (which is in any case dated considerably too late), and this is a defect which grows more and more glaring as one proceeds through an account which is rather free with strong generalisations and magisterial Judgments of History.

A somewhat similar criticism might be levelled at *Year of Decision*, by the Director of the Institute of Race Relations, but it is illuminated throughout by Mr Mason's generous and even-handed human sympathies. The book is a history of Federation since, in effect, 1951, with a final section on the problem facing us today, and it illustrates what seems to me the characteristic weakness as well as the great strength of the best minds of the Establishment. It is, deliberately, 'mish-mash' history – behind the suave flow of the prose one occasionally hears the busy scissors of the Institute's press-clipping secretary – and this probably does greater justice to the short views, the mixed motives and the generally inconsequential confusions of Central African politics than an analysis designed to order events into a single causal pattern. On the other hand, this sort of history led to the very mistakes on which the decision to impose federation was based and which, supported as it was by so many intelligent men, seems so hard to understand today. But, as an empiricist, Mr Mason is clear-minded and wholly sincere; and his conclusion now is that Britain's remaining task in Central Africa is to help the Europeans come to terms with majority rule before minority rule leads them inexorably into a South African impasse. This is argued reluctantly, but with fine consistency and insight into the European's predicament and our responsibility for it. No one who heard the once buoyant Mr Todd explain on the radio a few weeks ago how his sense of complete failure had led him to call for British intervention in Southern Rhodesia is likely to think that Mr Mason has overstated the gravity of the situation.

Black Government?, the record of a discussion between a Northern Rhodesian minister who has vigorously championed African advance, and Kenneth Kaunda, the Nationalist leader, does something to redress the racial emphasis of the other two books reviewed here. Mr Morris, too honest to evade the logic of Kaunda's majoritarian views, is concerned to provide a helpful critique of them; but his position as a churchman, a European and an apparently dogmatic economic liberal leads him to produce some curious arguments (and some bad history). Mr Morris is described as 'one of the most brilliant minds in Central Africa today' and to the extent that this is probably true, and that – in 1960 – a book 'to present the case of the Northern Rhodesian African Nationalist' to the Europeans was felt to be urgently necessary, *Black Government?* is a historical document of some significance.

COLIN LEYS

Paperbacks

There are said to be 6,000 paperback editions in print in this country. That they can all be found together in one place seems unlikely, but one Hampstead bookseller stocks from 1,200 to 1,400 (almost *half* the 3,000 hard-cover editions he carries). He may not be typical—some booksellers still prefer to have as little to do with paperbacks as possible – but he has no doubt about their value to him, since his paperback turnover alone is now greater than that of the entire stock of his shop two or three years ago.

This indicates the extent of the paperback revolution. And it is not by any means over. Allen & Unwin launch Unwin Books within a month or two; the first selection will include *Essential Left*, by Marx, Engels and Lenin, and Russells *On Education* and *Sceptical Essays*. In October Dent begin publishing the Everyman Library in paperbacks. Routledge paperbacks will follow later in the year with, among other books, *Totem and Taboo*, Hulme's *Speculations*, Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* and Malinowski's *Sex and Repression in Savage Society*. Early next year, Mercury Books will appear from the Heinemann Group; Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, Keynes's *Essays in Biography* and Lawrence's *Selected Literary Criticism* are among the first books promised.

All these are 'egghead' paperbacks, additions to the series already promoted by Cambridge, Faber and Macmillan among others in this country and to the many excellent American series now obtainable here. Egghead paperbacks present no difficulty; aimed at an educated readership, they represent the

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June in her Spring
COLIN MACINNES *Ace Books, 2s 6d*
A young Australian girl experiences the first awakenings of love and maturity. By the author of *Mr Love & Justice.*

The Arms Race
PHILIP NOEL-BAKER *Calder Books, 12s 6d*
A lucid and balanced appraisal of the disarmament problem. The author was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1959.

cheap edition in a new form – but on a much vaster scale. In a sense, they advertise themselves. They are often modern classics or at least standard texts. People who know about such things know of them; and, from the mass that has come into this office during the past few weeks, one can only pick out, almost at random, a few that have especially caught the eye.

My Life, by Leon Trotsky (Mayflower: Grosset & Dunlop), is good value at 20s. Three other obviously distinguished arrivals from the United States in the Harper Torchbook series, published here by Hamish Hamilton, are Louis de Broglie's *Physics and Microphysics* (12s 6d), Lloyd Warner's *Social Class in America* (12s 6d) and J. P. Mayer's *Alexis de Tocqueville* (10s 6d). Of native products, Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece: A Cambridge Childhood* (6s 6d) and Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (6s), both from Faber, speak for themselves.

These books – and the many more they represent – are elegant productions, a pleasure to the eye. The trouble begins when one turns to the paperback novels, which are now coming off the presses at the rate of more than 100 a month. They include some of the best fiction of our time – the bulk of Lawrence, for example, is available both in Penguins and in Ace Books – but they are often not easily recognisable as such. There are of course exceptions, notably Penguins, Arrow, Fontana and Hodder Pocket Books; but paperback novels tend to look as though they were all the same novel. In many instances, there is a ludicrous discrepancy between the cover and the content. The cover, dedicated to the proposition that women are mammals, hints at pornography; the content may be anything but.

A gimmick, of course, but bad luck on serious novelists who find their work thus disfigured. What one would like to know is how far the gimmick now works. Does it still fetch the customers in? I gather that in Hampstead, a suburb I have never thought of as especially prudish, the sexier the cover the harder the sell; customers in NW3 reacted strongly – and certainly to their loss – against the Four Square edition of Kingsley Amis's *That Uncertain Feeling*, the cover of which displays, with singular irrelevance to Mr Amis's moral story, a naked man and a naked woman contemplating each other.

Hampstead, one knows, is not all England; and it is probable that the main outlets for paperback novels (those sponsored by old-established publishers always excepted) are not bookshops at all but back-street newsagents and tobacconists. There, paperback fiction exists side by side with the week-end supply of cheesecake; but even so, one can't help wondering. Surely the seeker after the cheap thrill is going to be awfully disappointed, if he goes by the cover alone, by George Lamming's beautifully composed evocation of a Barbadan childhood, *In the Castle of My Skin*. Or does he find something else that compensates for the loss? That, I suppose, is the theory. But if he does, if he learns to differentiate between cover and content, can't the gratuitous suggestions of a world perpetually on heat now be dispensed with?

But let us forget the covers. In which case, of the July and August output of paperback novels the dozen for my money is: *In the Castle of My Skin* (Ace, 3s 6d), Sholokhov's *The Don Flows Home to the Sea* (Four Square, 3s 6d), Sinclair Lewis's *Martin Arrowsmith* (Panther, 5s), Roger Vailland's *The Law* (Penguin, 2s 6d), V. S. Naipaul's *Miguel Street* (WDL, 2s 6d), Alfred Hayes's *My Face for the World to See* (Grey Arrow, 2s 6d), Elizabeth Jenkins's *The Tortoise and the Hare* (Grey Arrow, 2s 6d), Alan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (Pan, 2s 6d), Winston Graham's *Greek Fire* (Hodder, 3s 6d), Alexander Baron's *From the City, From the Plough* (Panther, 2s 6d), Nigel Dennis's *Cards of Identity* (Penguin, 3s 6d), Nabokov's *Pnin* (Penguin, 2s 6d), Marghanita Laski's *Little Boy Lost* (Penguin, 2s 6d) and James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed* (Penguin, 5s). A baker's dozen, in fact.

WALTER ALLEN

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,591 **Set by Fulvia**

Before the Olympic Games open, officials are plastering over some of the Fascist slogans in Mussolini's Foro Italico. Rioting has already taken place. Comments are invited in the manner of Gibbon, Macaulay (*Lays of Ancient Rome*), Byron (*Childe Harold*), Clough (*Amours de Voyage*). Limit 100 words, or 12 lines; entries by 30 August.

Results of No. 1,588 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

'*Nature* I loved, and after *Nature* . . .' The usual prizes are offered for a Landorian epigram in tribute to any other learned, scientific or technical publication.

Report

If there were justice, someone would write an epigram in praise of *Willing's Press Guide*, for it has been pretty well thumbed by competitors. Several were attracted by the *Muck-Shifter and Public Works Digest*, but none was successful in incorporating in their verses the delicate rhythm of its title. *Footwear, Meccano Magazine, Coke and Gas, Chemistry and Industry, BMA Journal, Modern Transport, Theology, Riding, Sporting Life, Hibbert Journal* were among the periodicals that inspired competitors, but *Which?* led them all by far. I liked Anne Atkins's '*Which?* is my choice and after *Which? Who's Who*', but alas, she gave only the single line, and I wanted an epigram. The entry was large, a number of competitors sending in as many as half a dozen attempts. I request a special dispensation for Gerald Priestland, who produced the essence of Landor in impeccable Ogden Nash. A guinea to him, and to D. Bear; half a guinea each for the other entries printed.

A Tribute to Whitworth's Choice and Chance

Ah, what avails the lucid prose,
The proofs both clear and sound;
The practical examples – those
In *Whitworth* all were found.
Old *Whitworth*, whom these tomes abstruse
Outdate, but not replace;
To wranglers they may be of use –
Their maths *I* cannot face.

D. BEAR

I gave absolutely no trouble to anyone, because no one would have taken any notice if I had;
The *Amateur Aquarist* and *Reptilian Gazette*
I loved, and, next to the *Amateur Aquarist* and *Reptilian Gazette*, *Gardening;*
Now that the dandelions are out of control and the slow-worms keep getting loose, I must say I'm glad
To be going into a *Home*, what with ants' eggs the price they are and my arteries hardening.

GERALD PRIESTLAND

Woman I love, but more than *Woman*, *Which?*
(I read but two, for two keep me one-up)
Woman reveals how best to please the bitch,
But *Which?* prevents the purchase of a pup.

MARGARET WOOD

I strove with none, not even with my wife,
For *New Biology* was my delight.
I walked untouched, untouching through my life,
My day is done, and wasted is my night.

DESMOND SKIRROW

Submissively I now surrender breath,
Nor down the paths of *Life* would longer dally;
So sure am I that what men dread as Death
Is merely the preamble to *Reveille*.

MARTIN FAGG

Ah, *Blood* and *Brain* no more beguile,
Dearer by far to me
The *Dental Echo* of the smile
I may no longer see.

S. HARRISON

Not mine by high ethereal shores
On Pegasus to prance it.
My aim, to probe life's festering sores,
My love, the *Lancet*.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

My marriage irked me, and I did not stay:
Woman I loved, but after *Woman*, *Flight;*
Reading, like her, the former day by day,
I later to the latter took, by night.

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

I take no sides, for none there is to take.
Mind I subscribe to, body I enjoy.
Partners why should we into rivals make?
How but for body can we *Mind* employ?

E. J. ROBERTS

The *Churchman* and the *Brewing Trade Review*,
Respectively, suggest what man may do.
Leaving the choice to individual test.
I tried it and I found that beer is best.

W. G. DAISH

City Lights

Brief Boomlet

The stock market had been in a strange midsummer boom for two weeks. Nobody knew why. Some said it was because Mr Macmillan had spoken to Dr Adenauer and there would be no more trouble from Europe. Some said it was because of cheaper money in the United States and the possibility that neighbourliness would soon bring down Bank Rate. Some said it was due simply to the weight of money which insurance companies and pension funds accumulate each week for investment. The investment managers find it difficult to get hold of suitably large blocks of suitable shares and should welcome what makes other people sell as an opportunity to buy; in fact, being reluctant ever to admit to having bought what could have been bought more cheaply a few days later, they tend to buy only when they think that the market is rising. But the money had been piling up, no news became good news, the institutions moved into the market, prices rose.

* * *

And then the July trade figures came out – the worst of three bad months in succession. There seems to be an element of original sin in Britain's trade which constantly frustrates the *a priori* optimism of the commentators; some time, no doubt, imports will begin to fall and exports will begin to rise again, but every month's delay is a further strain on the gold reserve. That the gold reserve has so far shown no sign of strain is a result of high interest rates, which temporarily attract hot money from abroad and distort the normal pattern of payments in our favour. Mr Lloyd will have to make some good speeches if he is to get exports up by the time that the hot money moves out and the leads and lags go into reverse.

* * *

The EMI bid for Morphy-Richards – after a last-minute pseudo-squabble with Philips – seems now to be going quietly through. What is much more interesting is the story, shot out by one of the popular Sundays, that a merchant bank is on the point of suggesting to EMI that it should merge with General Electric; the other papers, rushing to check up on the story, leave the impression that GEC (and its firm of bankers) was taken quite by surprise by it whereas the chairman of EMI was not really surprised at all. It is possible enough that someone has been playing with the idea. The heavy electrical giants are in trouble and GEC is the worst placed of all of them; the insurance companies, which hold large chunks of GEC as they do everything else, would certainly back any scheme which had a chance of improving the situation. But the merger would not be easy to arrange. The first catch is in drawing up terms; although GEC is twice as large as EMI in book assets, its shares stand sufficiently low in the market to make the match look like one between near-equals. The second catch, once it comes to argument, is in finding a plausible reason for believing that a knowledge of gramophone records and electronics would be useful in the heavy electrical industry. Managerial dynamism, if that is what the chairman of EMI has, may not be enough.

* * *

The bids go on. The latest company to announce a bidder is Typhoo Tea, which is still 30 per cent owned by the family and whose single brand of tea is said to hold nearly a quarter of the British market. The bidder has not yet been named (let alone any counter-bidder) but is now known to be a US company, anxious to follow up the success of tea-bags and capture North America for tea. The favourite guess at the moment is General Foods, the giant group which supplies us with Maxwell House coffee. It already has a foothold in Britain through Alfred Bird (Bird's Custard), and was so beset with journalists at the time when it was not yet known that Nestlé was the bidder for Crosse & Blackwell that it may well have been stung into joining the take-over game.

* * *

Shipping freight rates seem to be on the move upwards. The usual autumn recovery has turned up several weeks earlier than usual, and the optimists are already hoping for a gradual climb out of the long depression. The latest rise appears to be the result of several adventitious factors – increased trade in iron ore and scrap, for example, and advance booking of North American grain in anticipation of inadequate European harvests – but it follows a marked reduction in the number of laid-up ships. The only trouble is that hordes of idle tankers are eagerly snapping up any grain business going and that any sustained improvement in freight rates will bring large numbers of old, laid-up ships on to the market at a time when large numbers of new vessels are being delivered by the shipyards. The international scrapping scheme that nobody can agree on is still as necessary as ever.

Company News

National Canning (Smedley's) has done even better than expected – profits up by 30 per cent, dividend up from 11¼ to 15 per cent, and another scrip issue. *Rippingilles*, the oil heater firm, has reported a drop in profits from £298,000 to £73,000: since the oil heater rumpus broke out only at the very end of the company's year, it is to be assumed that it has written off large stocks of its old heaters. *Unilever* disappointed the market by announcing smaller profit margins and profits scarcely higher for the first half of 1960: the Dutch half of the group, which has been up against heavy competition in Europe, is apparently to blame.

Triplex, the safety-glass makers, have done as well as all suppliers to the motor industry, with profits up by half and a dividend up from 10 to 15 per cent: the shares have not fallen with other motor shares, mainly because Pilkingtons is thought to be buying whenever they seem cheap. *Aluminium Ltd*, the Canadian giant, reports rising sales and rising profit margins for the second quarter of 1960: the improvement is attributed to markets outside North America – a fact which is obviously connected with the eagerness of the North American aluminium producers to take over European fabricating firms.

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No 562. Team Work Does It

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Now here (Erichsen-Schröder, 1933 and reported by P. Schlensker in his excellent *Schach-Echo* column) is a position significant for the power exercised by co-operating Rooks. /7k/Rp4p1/5r1p/1QP5/4r3/6q1/P4PP1/5K1R/. Obviously, Q-Kt2 is White's only chance of direct coverage for KB2, bound to fail against . . . R(5)-KB5; but White has what looks like a neat resource, only to be defeated by the uncanny power of the co-operating Rooks. 1) RxRP ch!, RxR!! (PxR??); 2) PxQ, R-B3 ch; 3) K-Kt1, R-K8 ch; 4) K-R2, R-R3 mate. A similar example is provided by Brannath-Riedel, 1934. /4Q3/4b1k1 / p2plpBp / P2P1P1P / 2P5/6K1/1r2rktP1/6R1/. 1) . . . R-Kt6 ch; 2) K-R2 [K-R4 would be defeated by . . . R-K5 ch etc], Kt-Kt5 ch; 3) K-R1, R-R6 ch; 4) PxR, R-R7 mate.

Finally here's an instructive example of how to employ the most aggressive tactics when having a pair of Rooks to decide the issue. The position is Schlechter v. Bardeleben, 1908: /8/3R4/4r1k1/1r1p2p1 / pB2kt1P1 / P1P4P/1P4P1/5RK1/. True enough, White is three pawns up, but, what with Black's handsomely centralised Knight, it wouldn't be easy to force a won ending. So Schlechter simply uses his Rooks for a mating attack: 1) B-B8! [Threatening to win a Rook on the next but one move]. R(3)-Kt3; 2) P-R4!, PxP (forced); 3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R3; 4) R-B5, Kt-Kt6; 5) R-R5 ch!, KtxR; 6) P-Kt5 mate.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White made so surprisingly decisive a move as to force immediate resignation. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** is a draw and **C** a win; they are both celebrated "classics", and as for the (very easy, but instructive) stalemate study, it is Black's move and White, despite his seemingly hopeless position, has a neat resource. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 August.

B: Ercolo del Rio (Modena), 1750: /16/2k5/B7/8/3r3p/1p5P/1R5K/.

C: A. A. Troitzky, 1910: /k3K3/7b/8/1pP5/8/1p5B/16/.

REPORT ON No. 559 set 30 July

A: 1) P-K4, P-Q4; 2) PxP, QxP; 3) Q-R5, QxRP; 4) QxRP, QxKt; 5) QxP, RxP; 6) RxP, RxP; 7) RxP, RxKt; 8) RxP; QxKtP; 9) RxB ch, K-Q2; 10) RxKt, QRxR; 11) BxQ, QxQB; 12) RxR, RxP; 13) QxP, RxP; 14) QxP ch, KxQ; 15) RxKt, RxP; 16) RxB, RxB ch; 17) KxR, KxR.

B: Since the last move cannot possibly have been Black's it is Black to move now, and whatever he does, White will mate him.

C: 1) Kt-Q8 ch, KxB (best); 2) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Q4; 3) QxP ch!, KxQ; 4) P-B4 ch, K-Q4; 5) Kt-B3 ch, K-B5; 6) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt5; 7) P-R3 ch, KxKt; 8) P-Kt4 ch, BxP; 9) PxB ch, KxP stalemate.

D: 1) Q-B8, P-R5; 2) B-R8, P-R6; 3) R-Kt7, P-R4; 4) B-Kt6, P-R5; 5) Kt-B5, KxR mate.

E: 1) P-B7, R-QB5; 2) R-R1 ch, K-Kt4; 3) R-QB1!!, RxR; 4) Kt-K4 ch, K any; 5) Kt-B3 etc.

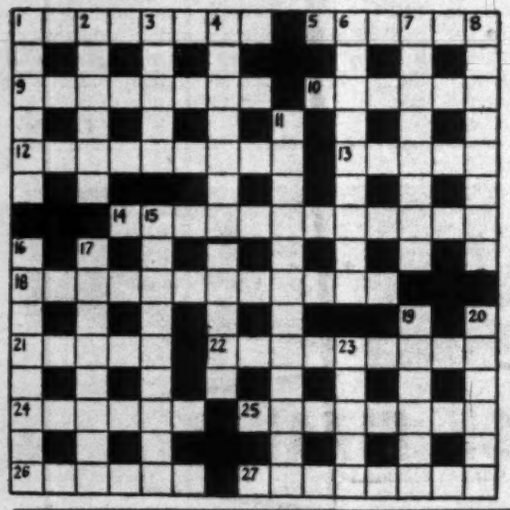
F: 1) B-Kt8! ch (KtxQ?), KxB; 2) P-B7 ch!, K-Kt2; 3) P=B ch!! (P=Q?), K-Kt1; 4) KtxQ, R-Q3; 5) Kt-K7 etc. If 2) . . . K-R1; 3) P=R! etc. If 2) . . . K-R2; 3) P=Kt! etc. If 1) . . . . K-R1; 2) KtxQ, RxP; 3) B-B4! and wins.

Plenty of points garnered. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. N. Cohen, A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 419

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opens. Entries to Crossword 419, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 30 August.



ACROSS

1. Extra workers in printing (8).
5. Change of mind or variation (6).
9. Give the exploiters a holiday but improve the racket (8).
10. The answer about the capital (6).
12. An unknown person spins a coin and backs the end of the election (9).
13. One would be annoyed if had about the animal (5).
14. Flowers win people nothing in military places (12).
18. The place I closed irregularly for minor misdemeanours (12).
21. The lash is in for the youth on grave charges (5).
22. Carry on the work of parliament when the member is not on time (9).
24. Help returned in accommodation for an oriental (6).
25. For Monty, for example, weapons are important (8).
26. Like the Midlands according to Belloc (6).
27. Oval's covered with this although it is fine (8).

DOWN

1. Loved by the Summoner (6).
2. Place for a drink without feudal privilege (6).
3. Shoot for a nail (5).
4. Used when you make a book for a racing championship? (7, 5).
6. Make a plea that is centred differently (9).
7. Part of an instrument shoots animals up (8).
8. Scatter as red spies in hiding (8).
11. Socialist taking vigorous action by joining the march (12).
15. Drink with distance and time in the middle (9).
16. Hides up without the cast for the satellites (8).
17. Granted, perhaps the doctor cared (8).
19. Church with something to eat in fit for a king (6).
20. Food which makes one almost sick after a time of abstinence (6).
23. Plunders bags (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 417

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 417

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R. J. Fraser (Pinner)
M. J. Copp (Northwich)

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Hostel for Girls, Almond House,
Wickham Road, Shirley, Croydon.

Married couple required to take charge of a Hostel for 11 working girls aged between 15 and 18 years. The work calls for a high degree of patience, tact and understanding. Previous experience in work with adolescent children essential. Diploma in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, HO Res. Child Care Cert an advantage. Two other child care staff and domestic assistance provided. Applications from single women for both positions will be considered.

Salaries (under review):– Warden – £580 – £685
(3 weeks annual leave)
Deputy Warden – £530 – £610
(4 weeks annual leave)
(both less £338 for board, lodging, etc.)

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Comfortable furnished accommodation provided. Details and application form from Children's Officer, (SEDO/NS/2009/8), County Hall, SE1.

BBC requires External Services Producer in Manchester. Duties, which relate primarily to North of England contributions to BBC's Overseas and European Services, involve co-ordination and organisation of these contributions, and preparation and production of programmes mainly in the Spoken Word field – talks, news and features. Selected candidate will bear full responsibility for production of some of these programmes and will co-operate with specialist producers on others, for domestic as well as for External Services. Informed interest in Commonwealth and world affairs expected. Experience in production and good knowledge of North of England will be advantageous. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.395 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires General Programme Assistant in Leeds. Required to help in programme output of many departments (principally in the Spoken Word), and will be encouraged to develop own programme ideas. Good educational background and informed interest in current affairs essential. Acceptable microphone voice and knowledge of Northern counties desirable. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.397 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Report Writers (British) for Monitoring Service near Reading to work under general direction of Chief and Senior Report Writers in preparation of the Summary of World Broadcasts. Candidates must have knowledge and understanding of international affairs and ability to prepare for publication, in the Summary, objective and accurate reports covering political, economic and other subjects from a large volume of material transcribed from foreign broadcasts, in particular from USSR, Eastern Europe, Far and Middle East, and Africa. Specialist knowledge of one of these areas and/or economic and scientific background an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.388 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producer, Television School Broadcasting in Cardiff, to devise, prepare and produce school television programmes of various kinds primarily for schools in Wales. This demands imaginative origination of ideas in visual terms, practical ability to execute them effectively and at speed, creative use of wide variety of visual material including film. Experience of teaching and knowledge of Wales and of Welsh language essential. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.401 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

HUMAN Sciences Section of Warren Spring Laboratory, Stevenage, Herts., (DSIR) seeks staff for initial research programme: (i) design of keyboard and similar devices, with particular reference to training problems; (ii) place and function in the firm of Work Study departments; (iii) study of supply, place and status in industry of technicians. Posts graded as Scientific Officer/Senior Scientific Officer or Psychologist. Quals.: 1st or 2nd Class Hons. degree in Natural or Social sciences (SO/SSO) or in Psychology (Psychologist grade) or equivalent; for SSO level at least three years post-graduate research experience required. Salary ranges (men): SO £690-£1,144; SSO £1,250-£1,540. Psychologist £575 (age 21) £925 (age 30) – £1,220. Full particulars and forms from Ministry of Labour, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G. 269/OA.

TRANSLATOR from French. Post in the Air Ministry in London for man or woman at least 20 on 1.1.60 with normally at least a good second class honours degree in French (or in French in Pt I of the Cambridge Tripos). Prospect of permanency. Salary (men): £537 10s. (at 20) to £735 (25 or over) rising to £1,140. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting 5179/60. Closing date 2 September 1960.

COMMUNITY Service Council for Durham County. Applications are invited from men and women with suitable qualifications and experience for the post of Welfare Organiser with the above Area Council of Social Service. Starting salary £600. Superannuation scheme. Further particulars on application to the Director, Hallgarth House, Hallgarth St, Durham.

PRIVATE Secretary for Managing Director. No age limit. Excell. sal. Also many other perm. & temp. posts at Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1. MAY. 6336.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Modern Languages. It is hoped to appoint an applicant of German or Austrian birth, language and education; he must have completed his University studies; his German accent must be free from dialectal peculiarities and he must have a thorough knowledge of German literature and history. He must also have a sound, fluent command of English. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, and an allowance will be made towards travelling expenses if necessary. The appointment will be for a period of two years and applicants should be prepared to commence duties in Christchurch not later than 1 February 1961. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 Sept. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in Russian. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be honours graduates in Russian of some British Commonwealth or foreign University; if Russian by birth or language, they should have a sound, fluent command of English. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature (with some Philology). The salary range for a Lecturer is £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for an appointee, his wife and children. In addition actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from Sec., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applics close in New Zealand and London on 30 Sept. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Psychology. The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should possess postgraduate qualifications, and have had research or clinical experience; in addition to competence in general psychology special qualifications in psychological measurement and the assessment of personality would be desirable. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75 each. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Travel and other removal expenses are allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lectureship in Prehistory (Department of Anthropology). The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned post. The appointment will be in Prehistory, but general qualifications in other branches of anthropological science will be taken into account in selection. The salary scale for the position is £1,750 per annum, rising to £2,000 per annum by annual increments, two of £100 and one of £50. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Travel and other removal expenses are allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 Sept. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Chair of Psychology. The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned Chair. Applicants should have qualifications in the field of Experimental Psychology. The salary attaching to the position is £2,800 per annum. Travel and other removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecturer in Russian. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Modern Languages. Salary range – £1,250 – £1,700 p.a. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1960.

SUMMERHILL: 2 teachers wanted, juniors and Hist. & Geog. Not Burnhams. Suit parent with a child or pioneering spirit with private income. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. Phone 40.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, NSW, Australia. History: Two Lecturers. Applications are invited for two Lectureships in History. The successful applicants will be required to teach both internal and external students in a course of European Medieval, Renaissance and Reformation History. Applicants should state whether they seek a permanent or short term appointment. The latter type is available only to applicants who are normally resident outside Australia. Duties of the successful applicant should commence preferably not later than the end of February 1961. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,730 x £105 – £A2,435 and in addition a cost-of-living allowance which is at present £A5 per annum is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house in the case of a permanent appointment. Short term appointees are allowed travel and removal expenses to Armidale and for return travel and removal expenses the University contributes up to a maximum of £A400. Further information about permanent and short term appointments may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 30 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Applications are invited for appointment, depending on qualifications, to Lectureships or Assistant Lectureships in the Department of English as listed below which are likely to be available in 1961. Candidates should have a good Honours degree with suitable teaching and research experience and in addition the special qualifications as are stated: Faculty of Arts, Department of English: Two posts for candidates qualified in English Language and Literature, one of which will require special qualifications in Phonetics and English Language. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 × 49 – £1,442/1,540 × 56 – £1,820 per annum, and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 × 49 – £1,099 per annum. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided for the appointee and his family, and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Malaya and London, is 1 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. Applications are invited for the position of Principal (to be known as Warden) of the University College of Townsville. The University of Queensland will open this new University College on 27 February 1961, to provide initially first year courses in Arts, Science, Engineering, Law, Education, Medicine, Agriculture and Veterinary Science. It is expected that second year courses in some Faculties will be offered in 1962 and that the range of courses will be extended until full degree courses are provided. The Warden will be the Senior Administrative and Academic Officer of the University College. Applicants should hold a higher degree, preferably a Doctorate, have had experience in lecturing at University level, and should also possess ability in educational administration. The salary for the position will be £A4,000 per annum. The Warden will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, housing, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff of the University of Queensland. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 September 1960.

THE Republic of the Sudan. The Ministry of Education invites applications for appointment as masters in Secondary Schools in the Sudan, in particular for the teaching of English up to 'O' level or the equivalent. Vacancies also exist for masters to teach Mathematics, Science, History and Geography up to a similar level. Qualifications and age: A University Degree in Arts or Science is essential. Teaching experience, a Certificate in Education and willingness to assist with games, Physical Training, and other school activities, will be an advantage. Age limits 23-45. Terms of service: Appointment will be on Short Term Contract (with bonus) for five years. Salary ranges from £S1,075 to £S1,675 (£S1 = £1 0s. 6d.) with bonus payable at end of contract. Starting rate of pay will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. A Cost of Living Allowance, reviewed every two months, is payable. An Outfit Allowance of £S50 is also payable when the contract is signed. Annual leave accrues at the rate of 7 days per month with free passages. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Embassy of the Republic of the Sudan, Appointments Section, Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1003.

PART-time secretary (f.) for investor, three afternoons per week. Interest and integrity essential. WES. 1302.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FOURAH Bay College. The University College of Sierra Leone. Applications are invited for the post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies. The Director has the status of Senior Lecturer. Salary scale £1,700 × £75 – £2,150 p.a. plus Head of Department allowance of £150 p.a. FSSU. Outfit and family allowances (maximum £300). Passages on appointment, annual leave and normal termination. Part-furnished accommodation at reasonable rent. Duties to be assumed on 1 January 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 September 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as tutor to one wing (70 students) and as Hall Librarian. Duties to commence on 1 October 1960 or in any case not later than 1 January 1961. Stipend not less than £300 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than 12 September 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for a Research Assistant in the Social Science Department to work on a review of recent trends in social services for old people. Salary in the range of £525-£750 a year. Starting salary according to age and qualifications. Applications should be received by Mr P. B. Townsend, Social Science Department, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, not later than 7 September 1960.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Commerce, at a salary on the scale £1,050 × £50 – £1,400 × £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar probably at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for session 1960-61 only. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 25 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in Philosophy for tutorial work with freshmen. Salary between £650 and £700 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. FSSU benefits and family allowances. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 3 Sept. 1960, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required as member of one of the mental health social worker teams shortly to be established in the nine health divisions of the county. Duties of teams include all aspects of community care work for mentally ill and mentally sub-normal. The psychiatric social worker as member of team will have special responsibility for individual case work demanding his/her qualifications. Interesting position with ample scope in a developing service. Whitley salary and conditions. Married women eligible. Particulars and form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/NS/2125/8), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 29 August.

HAMPSHIRE County Council—Applications are invited for two posts in the medically directed Hampshire Child Guidance Service for either (a) Psychiatric Social Workers or (b) Case Workers – training in mental health aspects given. Salary rising to a maximum of £1,000 or £785 respectively, according to qualifications and experience. Ability to drive essential. Visits to see and discuss the Service with the staff can be arranged. Further particulars and application forms from the Pincipal School Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

SOCIAL Worker (woman) fully qualified and experienced, particularly in work for the unmarried mother, required to investigate applications for admission of children into care. Headquarters in London but required to travel over wide area. Current driving licence essential. Travelling expenses and subsistence. Salary APT II/III according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable superannuation scheme. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, WC1.

CHARITABLE Society requires Visitor (female) to interview those who apply for help in their own homes and also at the London Office. Early September. Salary and normal office hours. Part-time considered. Box No. 3583, c/o Charles Barker & Sons Ltd, Gateway House, London, EC4

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PLAISTOW Maternity Hospital, Howards Road, Plaistow, London, E13. Applications are invited for the appointment of Housekeeper-Caterer, resident or non-resident. This is a newly created post which offers considerable scope for one with initiative and organising ability to introduce new systems recommended by the Regional Organisation and Methods Team. The duties include those of Catering Officer and Supt. of Domestic Staff. Salary £556-£624 p.a. plus London Weighting Allowance. Apply to Matron giving details of qualifications and experience.

CHILD Care Officer (woman) required for Home Counties area, holding Social Science and/or H.O. Certificate Child Care with experience. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistence allowances. Appointment within APT Grade I/II according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, WC1.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Organiser (female) of Physical Recreation required. Duties concerned with the treatment and training of young women exhibiting disorders of conduct etc. Understanding and tact essential. Modern Hospital. Recreational facilities include Staff Club, swimming pool, tennis, badminton, etc. Salary: £584 p.a. (less £130 if resident). NHS Superann. & conditions of service. Apply Medical Superintendent.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital and Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1. Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 24 hours per week (3/4 days). Salary £5 7s. 6d. per week. Apply in writing to Jack R. Tayler, Secretary to the Board, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

QUALIFIED teachers, male, required immediately for work with maladjusted boys. Class approx. 10 children, friendly informal atmosphere. Salary approx. £600 per annum. Plus full board and lodging etc. Pension Scheme. Applications to the Principal, St Margarets School, Stockland, Bridgwater, Somerset. Telephone Comwich 257. (Reverse Charges accepted).

YOUTH Club Leader reqd in Sept. to help create Youth Clubs in the London Area in the vicinity of existing junior clubs maintained by the Save the Children Fund. An exceptional man, with wide experience and understanding of the 14-18 years age group is sought. Minimum starting salary, dependent on exp. and qualifications, in the region of £800 p.a. Write, with full details, to Donald Sutherland, The Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave St, SW1.

LIBRARY assistant required by firm of consulting engineers, interested in all aspects of engineering, building and architecture. Applicants should have at least two parts of the LA Registration Exam. Exper. in a special library is desirable. Salary according to exper. and quals. Please write, giving full details, to: Ove Arup & Partners, 13 Fitzroy St, London, W1 Closing date for application, 31 August 1960.

ASSISTANTS required for enrolment and clerical duties at Institute providing courses for adults in literature, languages, music, drama, art, etc. Hours 3-8 p.m. or 4.30-9.30 p.m. on weekdays during term. Prog. rate, e.g. £5 6s. 2d. min. at age 25. Write by 31 Aug. giving age, exper., etc., to Principal (Estab.2/NS/2140/8), City Literary Institute, Stukeley St, WC2.

PUBLISHERS have vacancies for secretary to assistant editor and shorthand typist of good educational standard. Hours 9.15-5.15, no Saturdays. Luncheon vouchers provided. Salary according to age and exp. Apply Miss Doherty, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 105 Judd St, WC1. EUS. 9771.

MY heart leaps up when I behold money So will yours when you learn about the rich opportunities with our American sales organization presenting an unusual new children's educational program to US military families in Europe. Seriously interested? Please send résumé with inquiry to Box 6125.

SWISS Exporter of Watch Materials, etc. requires Secretary, first-class conditions for lady who takes an interest in her work. Knowledge of French and/or Spanish would be useful. Interviews will be arranged in London. Write with full details in confidence to: Paul Staebeli, 45 Avenue de la Gare, Lausanne, Switzerland.

PART-time work in Central London Bookshop. Five-day week and hours arranged to suit convenience – interesting work for student; married woman or retired person. Write Box 6619.

EXPERIENCED secretary/assistant reqd for busy production dept in expanding publisher's office. Apply, Secretary, Fountain Press Ltd, 46-47 Chancery Lane, WC2

THE Free Trade Seven or the Common Market Six—but only one Winifred Johnson for tea, a chat and a job. 114 Holborn, EC1. Office Staff Bureau, next door to Gamages. HOL. 6090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist for Communication Research Centre and Folk Lore Studies at University College, London (Gower St, WC1): arts graduate with good speeds shorthand and typing; aged 22-29; required as soon as possible. Applications to the Assistant Secretary.

BBC requires Greek Language Typists capable of at least 30 w.p.m. Fair knowledge of English desirable. Salary £10 10s. p.w. rising to £12 10s. Detailed application, quoting reference 60.SC.327 N.Stm, to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 7 days.

RESPONSIBLE position in book publishing as secretary to director. Permanent and progressive position for intelligent, experienced and ambitious person. Applications in confidence to H. E. Wharmby, Brockhampton Press, Market Place, Leicester.

TYPIST required for general duties in small Head Office of International Friendship League. Interesting and varied work. Some knowledge of Dictaphones an advantage. Comm. salary £8. Apply IFL, Creswick Road, Acton. ACOrn 4303.

INTELLIGENT, young Shorthand Typist required for Display Advertisement Department of weekly newspaper. 9.30 to 5.30, five-day week, luncheon vouchers, congenial atmosphere, interesting work. Please write Box 6664.

EXPERIENCED Secretary - Shorthand Typist required for interesting organising work of The Liberal Jewish Synagogue. 5-day week, congenial conditions. Apply Miss P. Lang, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUNingham 5181).

EMBASSY W1 requires Assistant Secy, 20-25. £11-12. Apply: Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUC. woman (early 50's) sks resident post London area early Nov. Can type and cook. Fond of children, domesticated but no flr scrubbing. CND sup. Box 6514.

INTERNATIONAL Relations LSE Honours graduate Upper Second, seeks part-time work. Box 6579.

WOMAN Grad., well-read, interested current affairs, fluent Russian, German, expd bk-selling, translns, social work, sks post. Write 8 Shelley Ct, Tite St, SW3.

CAMBRIDGE MA (Moral Sciences), Spanish national, 29, interested in Abnormal Psychology, would be willing to work as Assistant Nurse or similar position in clinic or hospital which would facilitate research for further qualifications. Box 6656.

SELF-determination bid by young (26) woman grad. (Hons Degree, History). Background covers industry, commerce, journalism, television & PR. New constitution must cater for responsible exec. position. Min. sal. £1,000 p.a. Box 6617.

SPANIARD 29, ex-teacher, seeks job, any kind; pref. in family. Board, lodging, small salary. Willing look after children, etc. Speaks English, wishes to improve it. Write: Ramis, NUS, Tiptree Camp, Essex.

INTELLIGENT girl, varied exp., reqs interesting job, London pref. Box 6630.

SECRETARY for German correspondence with good knowledge of Spanish requires suitable position. Box 6761.

UNQUALIFIED quiet gentleman (33) will do almost anything, travel any distance, if well paid. Congenial, level-headed, honest. Box 6686.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks, situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to educ. where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects at GCE levels. Wendover 2297.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

ST MARY'S Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. Tel. SWIss Cottage 1391. Small group of boarders accepted from age of 5 in co-ed. day school. (Weekends in country house, Chiltern Hills). Realistic approach to modern education. Emphasis on English and mod. languages. E. Paul, Ph.D.

PERSONAL

MAN 26, sks companions 4-mths bicycle camping tour Istanbul via France, Yugoslavia starting June 1961. Box 6612.

SEEK mother's helper Au Pair for American family with two little daughters until end of year in Austria, thereafter Chicago, total one year. Apply Box 6539.

GERMAN student perfecting English; offers German lessons return. Box 6651.

YOUNG Pakistani graduate, articled to Chartered Accountant, wishes to live with an English family to improve his English. Please write Box AG/50, c/o 95 Bishopsgate, EC2.

INDIAN Maths grad., qualified teacher, willing coach students GCE 'O' & 'A' level, evgs. NOR. 2106 between 6 & 7.

WANTED: two hours French conversation weekly until Jan; up to GCE Advanced Level. Write stating rate: Box 6504.

INTELLIGENT reliable woman with two young children will take care of children/animals, housekeep, caretake, etc, in return for free/cheap accom. EUS. 5513 after 7 p.m.

FRENCH. Good native voice will record in French. Tuition also. Box 6776.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

TWO Hundred Prizes offered in 3rd annual Story Contest. Easy-to-enter details from 'The Writer', 124 New Bond Street, W1.

ACCOMMODATION offered young couple in writers' house between Dover-Canterbury in return work, house, garden, small rent. Shepherdswell 434.

EUROPEAN Integration – London enthusiasts wanted to form discussion/study group this winter. Box 6498.

CLIENTS who have admired my wife's paintings will be glad to know that they can see her latest work at the Portal Gallery, Grafton St. Bond St, W1. Anthony Panting.

SPANISH: GCE, all exams. Convs. by BA Hons. expd Span. tutor. MAC. 3838.

BRITISH/foreign student offered b-sit., good home N. Ldn, exch. help w. school-age twins. Refs. reqd. Box 6712.

YOUNG lady's model dresses, suits, for sale – cheap. Ht 5ft 6½in, b. 36, w. 24-25, h. 34. BAY. 1533. Box 6736.

MAN'S lightweight grey overcoat, rainproofed, pale biscuit linen suit, 70s. ea. Perfect. Ht 5ft 11in, chest 44. Box 6737.

GRADUATE, early 30's, widow returned from abroad, sks adult (not cranky) social and intellectual contacts. Interested politics, arts, life. Cen. Ldn. Box 6468.

EXPORT and Sales Promotion in Electronics. Engineer with good connections, small Holborn office, offers working partnership to lady or gentleman in new and interesting venture. Some capital an advantage but enthusiasm & versatility main requirements. Box 6416.

ENEMY of dark rites seeks help from those who have escaped. Fullest discretion. Box 6767.

VOCATIONAL Guidance. The Vocational guidance service of Rossett Holt advises on the choice of a career. For details write: Sec., Rossett Holt, Harrogate.

SECRETARIAL Services and Staff Agency as going concern SE London owing to illness. Freehold Property. Box 6615.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join now while guines entrance fee is suspended. Enquiries invited about membership and flying visit 2 September to Bruges (Belgium) to the Exhibition, 'The Century of the Flemish Primitives'.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th, Leicester Sq, WC2.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e. Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

IS Your dog safe? Dogs get run over, cause accidents, get lost, die prematurely from poison, disease, etc. All these and other hazards can be covered at reasonable cost by Canine Insurance. Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write for full details, Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, EC3. (Est. over a quarter of a century).

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd. 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN 1586.

PRINTED Letterheads 8 x 5: 6s. 6d. 100. 12s. 6d 250. Samples free. Morgan, Culworth, Banbury.

PEN Profit. If you enjoy writing send for 'Writer's Guide' (free). Thousands of words to interest beginner or experienced. Typewriter unnecessary under our system. Writers' Ring (NS), 5 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3.

PERSONAL—continued

LYRICS wanted: American company supplying station identifications to radio and TV stations wants new and fresh lyrics for jingles, which should be short, snappy, and jolly. £1 for each lyric accepted. Write to: Custom Identifications Inc. Box 37, Long Island City 3, NY, for examples and instructions.

POLITICALLY frustrated? Send s.a.e. for details of progressive party now in formative stage. Box 6322.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) au pair (2) req free board & lodg in exch 4 hrs. help. (3) also paying un contrib f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806.

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road. SW7 KNightsbridge 7323.

PARENTS invited to call with school-leaving sons and daughters. Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

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YOUNG man, Arts grad., reqs similar, share flat nr Uxbridge. Box 6742.

TO let: furn. flatlet, separate kitchen. Also dble b/s., b. & c., ckg facs, overlkg gdn. N. London. FIT. 0773.

COMF. bed-sit. with/without meals in lge flat overlkg river. PRO. 5104.

ROOMY s/c. furn. flat, from 27 August, for couple. £7. SPE. 0987 evenings.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

BLACKHEATH. Dble rm, part board for students or teachers in grad. NS reader's house. Some baby-sitting. Box 6668.

LIME Grove, W12. S/c. furn. flat. Dble bedrm, sit/din. rm, b., k., use garden. 8 gns p.w. Suit 2 bus. ladies/gentlemen sharing. FUL. 3177 bef. 9.30 a.m. Box 6692.

WC1. S/c. unf. flat, 2 lge rooms etc., suit sharing, £395 inc. Also furn. rooms, 3 gns & 4 gns. Box 6711.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet, exc. furn., nr transp. 65s. inc. c.h.w., clng. el., frig., bath. MOU. 6195 aft. 6.

1 ROOM garden flat to let, Regent's Park. Furn., newly decorated. Fridge, etc. Suit business couple or two friends. Own priv. entrance & patio. 5 gns week. Tel. GUL. 8417 after 7 p.m. or all day wk-ends.

TINY furn. s/c. flatlet with cooker, bath, c.h.w., off Kensington Church St. Suit one only. £4. Box 6770.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. bed-sit., use mod. kit., bathrm, garden, tel. MAI. 3563.

SHARING large flat near Baker Street, one vacancy. AMB. 3980.

ATTRACT. modern bed-sit.-room, cooking facs, h. & c., etc. Nr E. Finchley Stn. Suit girl stud. 50s. p.w. TUD. 5377. Box 6669.

BOARD Residence, food reform if preferred, reasonable. Good bus route. NW area. Tel. GLA. 4549.

NEWLY dec. b/s. N10, ckg facs, offered mod. rent, some baby-stg enable captive parents escape occasionally. TUD. 3581.

ATTRACTIVELY furn. newly dec. 2-room flatlet, elect. heating, ckg. h. & c. 1 min. from Heath. Suit young couple. Ring HAM. 1856, a.m. only.

WANDSWORTH Common. Lge attract. divan rm. All facs. 60s. VAN. 4761.

NEWLY decorated unfurn. flat, Regent's Park Road, NW1. Lounge, bedroom, kitchen/dining room, bathroom. C.h.w. 6 gns p.w. plus rates. Lease available. Ring MAY. 9111, Ext. 220 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. weekdays and GUL. 4012 weekends.

VACANT mid Sept. attractive quiet s/c. furn. flat. 4 rooms, kit., bath, 'phone, 'fridge, garden. N10. Box 6754.

HAM. 0027 is the number to ring for details of furnished and unfurnished flats and flatlets available in North West London through Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3.

DIVAN-room with some cooking facilities, £2 p.w. 'Phone CANonbury 2143.

THIRD girl reqd to share self-contained flat NW3. Own bedroom. £2 10s. weekly. Vacant 17 September. Box 6719.

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HAMPSTEAD: vast high room, furn., and shared modern kitchen. NS atmosphere, £5 p. week. Box 6773.

EXCELLENT, large, contemporary flat: shower, garden, 'phone. Up to 4 adults. Tel. TIDeway 5915 immediately.

PREMISES suitable for doctors' surgery with waiting rm avail. in Hendon, on full-time/part-time basis. Box 6685.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

TO Let: Well-furn. b.-sit.-rm. Doctor's hse, small town 7 miles South Coast. 45s. p.w., incl. l. & h.w. Box 6721.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WRITER needs quiet bed-sit., min. ckg facs. Up to 2 gns. Oct. on. Box 6743.

SW7, W8 or nr. Prof. man (30's) sks b/s.-rm, sunny, quiet. Box 6535.

YNG Dental Surgeon, wife, baby & tame Airedale urgently req. inexpensive s/c. well-furn. flat/hse. Hampstead, Chelsea, Kensington pref. Use gdn essen. Box 6629.

COLOURED cple, post-grad., need s/c. flat. Reas. rent, long let. Box 6627.

WOMAN graduate and son, 19, urgently need furnished accommodation SW1, SW3. Reasonable rent in exchange evening shorthand/typing/baby-sitting. Box 6744.

STUDENT female, requires room Sept. Hampstead area. 1 hour's work daily, exchange reduced rent. Box 6747.

TWO bookloving, but houseproud, graduates (girls) seek furn. flat (2 beds), Belsize Park area. Box 6771.

REQUIRED: Large flat. ½ hour City, suit 4 young schoolmasters. Box 6715.

WTD: unf. rm, use ckg facs, bathrm, for evg stud./day wkr (f.). Box 6740.

TWO good unfurn./part furn rooms plus ckg facs for graduate (50s.); N Central London; minimum loss of amenity. Chez elderly? Write BM/BSBA, WC1.

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Last week, Evenings 7.30.

22, 26, 27 Aug.	Le Lac des Cygnes
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24 Aug.	Solitaire, Blood Wedding, Sweeney Todd
25 Aug.	Pineapple Poll, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote, Façade

29 August to 10 September
THE ROYAL OPERA STOCKHOLM

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Rosebery Avenue, EC1.
Box Office Tel.: TERminus 1672
Evgs 7.30. Mat. Sats 2.30
Sadler's Wells Opera in
MERRIE ENGLAND
Edward German

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IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI 8657 Glamour and Girls 4th yr Cont. Revue From 2.30. Sun. 4. Witty & naughty. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30, S. 5, 8.15. Arnold Wesker's 'I'm Talking About Jerusalem'. Mon. next, Wesker Trilogy Repertory.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'You won't always be on top'. New prod. with music about building workers. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

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PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m (Ex Suns) The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U)

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Summer revivals. Until 21 Aug.: 'Whisky Galore' (A). From 22 Aug.: Bernard Miles, John Mills in 'Great Expectations' (A).

JOIN The L.O.S. Film Society, 154 Bayswater Road, W2. Write for details.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

STATE Film Society, LEYtonstone 3523. Sun, 21 Aug. (7 days) 'Come Back Africa' (A) and 'A Generation' (A). Mems only. Sub. 5s. Join at any perf.

ANOTHER SCR Garden Party. Meet Soviet theatre workers, playwrights, musicians, teachers, etc., Sunday 21 Aug., 5 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W8 (back of Barkers). Admn 2s. 6d., inc. refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1 MASTERS OF MODERN ART - Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE Illus catalogue £1. Adm. free Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

DRAWINGS by John Ruskin. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 24 Aug., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September Weekdays 10-8; Suns. 2-8. Admn 3s 6d. (Note late openings daily).

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Peter Woodland, Guy Worsdell, Connal. Paintings and Engravings. 22 Aug.-10 Sept. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Recent paintings by Crozier; selection Drian artists. Till 30 August. 10-6.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings and Drawings by Henry Sanders, from 22 August. Daily incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9. Tube: Warwick Ave. Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon. 22 Aug.-28 Sept. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

REID Gallery, 23 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by James Stroudley. Opening Wed 24 August. Closing 10 Sept. Daily 9.30-5.30, Sats 9.30-1.

MOLTON Gallery William Turnbull – Paintings. 10 Aug.-3 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Adm Free

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: George Chapman, the Rhondda Suite, etchings of the Rhondda Valley with associated drawings. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1 7 Cork Street, W1 REG 3660

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Hobbs and Robert Law: work by 2 British Artists. Until 17 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Admn. free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1 Picasso: Gravures sur Linoléum 1958-60 Until 2 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960 De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6 Sats. 10-1 Closes 1 Sept.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition - Recent Acquisitions 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Hitchens, Hilton, Frost, Heron, Wynter, Yeats. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Harvey Cole on 'The Consumer and the Law', 7.30 p.m. Wed. 24 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

AN Important Meeting on Cyprus Wed. 24 Aug. 7.30, Unity Theatre, Goldington Cresc., NW1. Spkrs: Clive Evatt, ex-min. in Australian Labour Govt, pres. of Australian Cttee for Self-Determination for Cyprus, John Baird MP, Cypriot spkrs. Chair: John Eber, MCF. All welcome. Adm. free.

IMAGINATION; Faith; Will. Public lecture, 21 Aug. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DR Caleb Gattegno. A Course by Dr Caleb Gattegno for advanced users of the Cuisenaire Material for the teaching of Mathematics is planned for 29 August to 2 September starting at 6 p.m. on 29 August at Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, Bucks. No fees charged but those attending will have to bear their own accommodation expenses. Letters to 76 Berkeley Avenue, Reading, Berks.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Next Gregg Course: 12 Sept Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd, SW7 KEN 4771

CHINESE Corres. College; Japanese, Scient. Chinese, 26 Oral Evng Crses, priv. tuition. 13 Park Ave Nth, Lon. N8.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

GULBENKIAN Trust Scholarships at Hillcroft College for the session beginning 1 October available for women between about 32 and 42 who need further education in preparation for vocational training as teachers or social workers; qualifications for entry include a useful period as wage earners, family responsibilities, worthwhile voluntary work or interesting work or travel abroad; and wide reading or study in adult classes. School Certificate not necessary. Other bursaries available for younger women for a year's liberal education. Apply at once to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod fees. Prosp (mention exam.) from E W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

COACHING by University Graduates: Maths, Physics, French. BAY. 3281.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N 11. ENT 3324.

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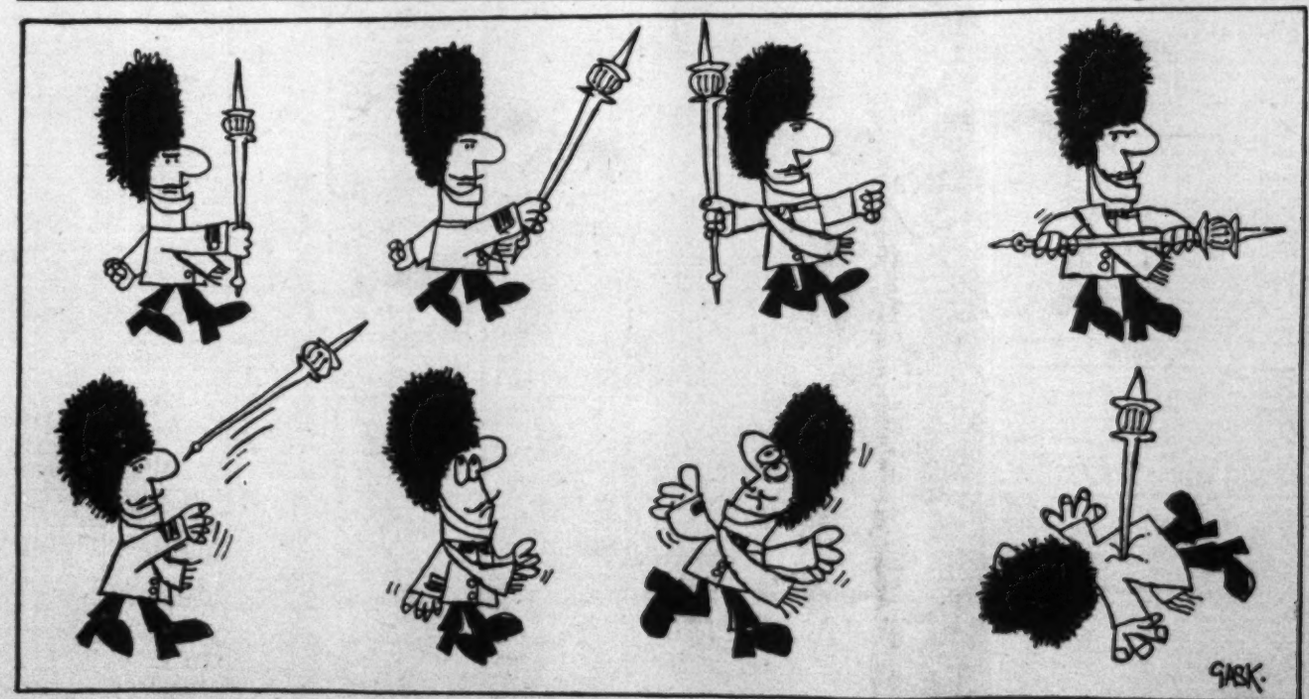

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